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GERMANY.

THE correspondence between the late PRINCE CONSORT and the late King of PRUSSIA, which has just been published, is interesting and curious in a very high degree. The PRINCE had an opportunity exactly after his own heart when the changes of 1848 seemed to offer a clear field for wise and radical reform, and invited suggestions of constitutional improvement. Everything was open. There might be an Emperor or a King in Germany, there might be endless combinations of little States arranged after different patterns, there might be an ample variety in the arrangements for Parliaments, for Councils and functionaries. The PRINCE set himself to his task with evident delight, and with a well-founded confidence in his own ingenuity and disinterestedness. Nothing is more conspicuous in his elaborate sketch of the Germany of the future than the glee with which he enters on the vast field of German possibilities, and the satisfaction with which he sets himself to map out an ingenious plan by which no one could accuse him of wishing personally to profit. The Germans are often accused of being a Professor-ridden nation; and we presume that there is some reproach involved in the term, though it is not easy to see what is the exact nature of this reproach, or what are the facts by which it is supposed to be justified. But whatever may be meant by it, candour must allow that the late PRINCE CONSORT was, at least when he addressed himself to German affairs, a type of what these severe critics mean when they speak of the German Professor who intermeddles with politics. No one was, with regard to German affairs, more completely a representative of that mixture of high principle, love of promisc details, and fondness for large vague conceptions which make up what the ordinary Englishman characterizes by the offensive name of a Professor. That Prince ALBERT was a prince, and a member of a family which, even among the many eminent and distinguished reigning families of Germany, is thought to be in the front rank, only made him more typical of his country. It is one of the very great merits of the Germans, one of their first claims to the respect of the world, that the intellectual influences which pervade the most intelligent and honest of the educated classes pervade also the owners of Courts and palaces. The Prince and the Professor are often the same man, with the same ideas, the same love for truth, the same high conception of political duties, the same vagueness in the apprehension of political details; only that the one is rich, the other poor—the one is born in the purple, the other pays with difficulty for the worst and weakest of earthly tobaccoes. Prince ALBERT was in feeling, in intellect, in his whole mental cast and character, a German Professor. Those qualities which we admire and reverence in him are exactly the qualities which are conspicuous in the best of the class that now guides and controls the Parliament of Berlin. No one can doubt this who reads the sketch of a Constitution for Germany which he drew up in 1848. It enunciates high aims in an honest and unaffected manner; it strives after a really just distribution of political power; it is animated by a sublime belief in the unselfishness of princes and peoples that verges on credulity. Events have shown, in a manner that no one anticipated, how different was the scheme of things that was practically possible, and how much better an arrangement might be made than could have been suspected to be possible so long as the superiority of Austria to Prussia in military strength was accepted as beyond dispute. The scheme of the PRINCE CONSORT is of no practical importance whatever; it is not even of any historical importance; but the general mode of regarding politics by which it is coloured is exactly the mode which is most peculiar, and, in spite of all its defects, most creditable to Germany.

The reply of the late King of PRUSSIA is in a different strain.

It is much more nonsensical; it is also much more practical. There is in Germany a wild and rather feeble vein of literature which is known as the romantic, and the King of PRUSSIA had a mind thoroughly in harmony with the romantic literature of his country. He was antiquarian, he was an idealist, he was High Church after the Prussian pattern, he was chivalrous, he was mediæval, he was learned, and he was a goose. When he set himself, at Prince ALBERT's invitation, to think about Germany, he was overcome with the delight of resuscitating a sham historical grandeur, and of bringing once more on the stage of European politics the famous Roman Empire. The great use of this would have been to get the Emperor of RUSSIA to own that there was a greater and more venerable Emperor in Europe than any Czar could be. If Germany could but be got to play at having a representative of the CÆSARS at Vienna, and Europe could be induced to join in the game, then Russia must own that she had only got an Emperor of the second order. This would be very satisfactory, and would exalt the nation and every member of it, and would be a kind of combination of ancient and modern history, full of beauty and meaning to learned and poetical people. But, on the other hand, the KING was not a mere theorist; he was not writing about Germany from the position of a calm outsider like Prince ALBERT. He was a reigning monarch, and he had to take care of Prussia above all things. Consequently, he did not allow his learning and his poetry and his fine mediæval imagination to carry him away completely. Having set up a Roman Empire at Vienna for the mere historical fun of the thing, and as a slight but ingenious cause of humiliation to Russia, he next proceeded to provide that this gigantic sham should do no harm to Prussia. There was to be a Roman Emperor; but there was also to be a German King, who was to live at Berlin, and do all the practical work, and have all the conduct of affairs in his hands. While, therefore, the scheme of the KING was much more nonsensical than that of the PRINCE, it was also more practical. The KING saw that somebody must rule in Germany, and that Germany would only cohere if it had a strong Power to guide and control it. If Austria was content with the bauble of the Roman Empire, the King of GERMANY must necessarily be the King of PRUSSIA; and, accordingly, the KING claims very high powers for this virtual ruler of Germany, and demands with a sort of dreading arrogance that, under certain circumstances not particularized, he should be allowed to act as a dictator. This is not so fair and equitable as Prince ALBERT's scheme of trusting merely to election for obtaining a proper Head of Germany, but it is nearer the possibilities of real life. Prince ALBERT might suppose that an election of the Head of Germany would set at rest the rivalry of Austria and Prussia. But the KING knew better, and he wished to hit on a scheme by which the position of Prussia as regards Austria should be determined; and if it were determined virtually in favour of Prussia, he was quite willing, and even pleased, that the Emperor of AUSTRIA should be accepted as the "undisputed head of Christendom."

The scheme of the PRINCE and the scheme of the KING are now nothing more than dreams. The reality is such as they could never have expected—such as no man, on the first day of the eventful year that is now closing, could have imagined for a moment. There is no need now for pacifying Austria with a gilded sham. She has been pacified, not by gilded shams, but by very stern facts; and there is no need to discuss her place in Germany, because she has been driven out of Germany altogether. On the other hand, what Prince ALBERT called the individualities of the peoples have not been treated with the respect and tenderness which he thought due to them. Prussia has had to use a little gentle force when the individualities of the peoples have tried to assert themselves. We do not see how any other course could have been taken. The officers of the late Hanoverian

army could not be allowed to treat the annexation of their country as a nullity; and it was only after ample warning that the Prussian authorities at last proceeded to active measures of repression. Such justification as Prussia needs is to be found in the fact that the only persons disaffected to her belong to a small and narrow clique, and that the mass of the inhabitants in the annexed provinces are quite content with the change. Prussia cannot afford to waver. If she were not determined in Hanover she would soon lose ground in Saxony. As it is, the Saxon Government is trying to earn the continued right to exist by doing exactly as Prussia wishes. The Prussian rule may not be as popular as it was, and recent elections may have been carried on in a manner to show that a little safe opposition to Prussia has its attractions. But the Saxon Government knows its own interests too well to let it be supposed that it favours the dissentients. Prussia and Count BISMARCK are not likely to overlook any intrigues designed to do away with the work that was wrought at Sadowa; and Prussia can only get her own way by letting it be seen and felt that she is determined to have it. But it would be a total mistake to suppose that the rule of Prussia over the rest of Germany can ever be the rule of a mere arrogant and insolent despotism. Prussia is going to call together a German Parliament, and when this Parliament is called together it must be treated with respect, or Prussia will have failed in the task she has set herself, and will not have consolidated Germany, but will have disappointed and divided it. Count BISMARCK evidently sees this, and he has shown that he sees it by having recently separated himself from the more reactionary and offensive of his colleagues, and having taken some pains to be on good terms with the leaders of the Prussian Parliament. Far from having deserved ill of their country by having asserted the claims of Parliament against the pretensions of the Crown at the present juncture, they have done their country a great service by insisting that Parliamentary institutions shall not be treated as a farce, and as a mere piece of idle machinery for compassing remote political aims. When the German Parliament meets, it will know that it springs directly from a Parliament that believes in its rights and dares to assert its independence, and this conviction will do much more to elevate and encourage it than any forced and artificial subserviency of the Prussian Parliament to the Crown could possibly effect.

MR. BRIGHT.

MR. BRIGHT and his admirers sometimes deprecate criticism by applying to the modern demagogue the cynical boast of O'CONNELL, that he was the best-abused man in England. Agitators who are at the same time unscrupulous and formidable may expect a frequent echo to their invectives. The opponents of Mr. BRIGHT cannot, indeed, be charged, like the maligners of Mr. LOWE, with a design to arouse popular fury against a political adversary. Nevertheless, vituperation is generally unjust, as it is always undignified. There is no use in proclaiming hostility to an avowed enemy. When Mr. GLADSTONE has sometimes seemed to favour extreme constitutional changes, there was reason to suppose that either he used exaggerated language or spoke under temporary excitement; and his critics attained their object if they could show that his words but inaccurately represented his deliberate opinions. Both sides of the controversy involved the same assumptions; and those who argued for the sake of victory might hope for a triumph if they could taunt an impulsive statesman either into further violence or into recantation. Mr. BRIGHT is not open to the charge of inconsistency, although he is habitually moderate in the House of Commons, and openly revolutionary in his platform orations. No man is bound to state all his convictions on every occasion. In Parliament it would be useless to give additional offence to a suspicious audience; nor is there necessarily any hypocrisy in accompanying and guiding to the half-way house companions who have at present the strongest repugnance to the completion of the journey. If at any future time a reformed Parliament contains a majority of Mr. BRIGHT's adherents, their leader will confide to them his ulterior purposes as candidly as if he were denouncing the upper classes at St. James's Hall, or proposing to provincial correspondents the hypothetical extermination of Irish landlords. In the meantime, he far surpasses almost all previous agitators in his ability to assume, on occasion, the tone of a statesman. O'CONNELL, who was perhaps more sagacious, had compromised his influence with his equals by the habitual insincerity which he had cultivated during his long intercourse with the rabble. Mr. BRIGHT's clients have more self-respect, and less sense of humour, than the Irish; and he has always himself preferred

dictation and menace to cajolery. His spirit is that of a Jacobin leader, and not of the semi-comic WILKES or CLIXON. If he sometimes fights with unfair weapons, his object is not the gratification of a merely vulgar or personal ambition. He probably believes that, by crushing the political power of the aristocracy and higher middle-classes, he would be able to promote the moral and material welfare of the dominant multitude. A discriminative analysis of the proportions in which love of power may be combined with a disinterested belief in democracy is impracticable, and to attempt it would perhaps be unfair. There is, however, no injustice in asserting that Mr. BRIGHT's political opinions are largely influenced by unreasoning animosity and prejudice. If it were his habit to be either equitable or generous to his opponents, he would be less perfectly adapted to his part as a demagogue. Irritable multitudes like to follow a leader who unhesitatingly confirms their latent suspicion that they are wronged by their more prosperous countrymen. The artisan speaker who lately declaimed against the supposed physical defects of members of Parliament expressed, in a rude and embryonic form, the passions to which Mr. BRIGHT gives utterance with the mastery of a consummate artist.

Mr. BRIGHT's ulterior purposes are probably obscure even to himself, for his demands will naturally vary with his opportunities. A year ago, he would have been for the time content with a moderate reduction of the franchise, accompanied or followed by a redistribution of electoral districts. The acceptance of an instalment was perfectly consistent with a claim for larger concessions, which may now perhaps, it is thought, be extorted from the fears of Parliament. In all his recent speeches Mr. BRIGHT has argued in favour of universal suffrage, but he has never pledged himself in terms to the conclusions which would follow from his doctrines. By marshalling against Parliament the physical force of the large towns, he hopes to obtain a considerable change in the Constitution; and he is not prepared to acknowledge that he is defeated or checked, if the pretensions of his noisier followers are rejected. The apparent imprudence of alienating the Liberal party by the violence of his language may probably be attributed to his temper, though it may also excuse itself to his judgment. His speeches during the autumn and winter have perhaps given Lord DERRY a majority in Parliament; but Mr. BRIGHT would willingly transfer the decision of great political issues from the House of Commons to the streets. As one of his apologists lately contended, no further arguments are needed to convince politicians of the expediency of extending the suffrage, and it only remains to provide them with a motive for acting on their convictions. Mr. BRIGHT has undoubtedly supplied the impulse of alarm. As Mr. BASS recently found at Burton-upon-Trent, temperate Reformers can no longer obtain a hearing in large towns, for Mr. BRIGHT's high seasoning has made ordinary political food seem vapid and unpalatable. It is idle to urge upon a mob already saturated with flattery the unpopular truth that minorities are the natural guardians of good government and of freedom. Democracies are deaf and blind to the strange paradox of excluding from political power those who have attained the elevation towards which all are struggling. Mr. BRIGHT holds out to his followers the prospect of better education and of competence more easily acquired; and at the same time he tells them that the educated and the rich are almost universally corrupt, selfish, and degraded.

Having discontinued the use of argument in his exclusive reliance on a display of force, Mr. BRIGHT devotes his attention to the organization as well as to the assemblage of his formidable masses. None of his measures are more repulsive to the friends of liberty and of justice than his diversion of the power of Trades' Unions from economical purposes to the service of political agitation. The professed advocates of the working-classes, including Mr. FORSTER, have repeatedly declared that the artisans would maintain their individual independence, and that their divisions would follow the lines of opinion rather than of social condition. It was not denied that the Trades' Unions exercised a strong coercion on their members in matters relating to the payment and regulation of industry; but the House of Commons has been again and again assured, on high authority, that constituencies would be absolutely free from external control and dictation. It is evident, however, that a large section of an electoral body acting under strict discipline will exercise irresistible power. The political operation of Trades' Unions will be as independent of moral considerations as the force of a regiment or a battery. If the landed proprietors in a district formed themselves into a club from which it was dangerous or invidious to stand

aloof, Mr. BRIGHT would be the first to denounce the probable selfishness of their objects. If they afterwards levied rates on their own body, for the promotion of political designs, they would be not unjustly held up to general reprobation. The working-men are, in the meantime, encouraged to vote and agitate by platoons, and to employ for the intimidation of Parliament the agency which has almost reduced employers to despair, and which, in an extreme form, is rapidly destroying the trade of Sheffield.

It is doubtful whether Mr. BRIGHT has formed any definite notion of the use to which the supremacy of the working-classes is to be applied. Eight or nine years ago he threatened to impose the bulk of taxation on the owners of realized property, who were at the same time to be relieved from the burden of political action. In many of his recent speeches he has repeated the stock complaints of extravagant taxation and expenditure which served the purpose of agitators in days when they were more consistent with the facts. A democratic Parliament would perhaps readjust taxation and tamper with free trade, and it would be strongly tempted to encourage recklessness of expenditure. Under a system of universal suffrage, representation would, for the first time, be divorced from the conscious payment of taxes. The Trades' Unions, whose members almost universally evade the Income Tax, to which many of them are liable, will take good care to maintain or extend the exemption of incomes earned in the form of wages. Confident in their own security, the artisans will not calculate the remote economical results of additional taxes imposed upon property. Mr. BRIGHT has, perhaps, not matured the scheme of unequal taxation which he vaguely propounded; but he has almost certainly determined to impose, if possible, on the country, the French restrictions on the power of testators. The compulsory subdivision of property would destroy the class which has long been the object of his hatred; and his imagination would see in the not distant future a community of peasant freeholders in the place of peers and of squires. The social institutions of England are deeply rooted, but they are not immovable. If the walls of the Parliamentary Constitution fall before the sound of Mr. BRIGHT's trumpets, many edifices which hitherto have been deemed secure will be exposed to similar ruin.

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

THE POPE, in parting, has given the French EMPEROR a blessing which the EMPEROR will not forget. A long life spent in the highly delightful pastime of praying aloud for his enemies, coupled with the naturally fine acumen of an Italian, has given His HOLINESS an astonishing power of putting in home-thrusts, even when he seems to be occupied in his devotions. The French Government had naturally been a little anxious for the final leave-taking to be over. "Tremblez, Français, nous vous bénissons tous," says the song in BÉRANGER, and of late years in particular the POPE's benedictions have been a chastening as well as an edifying process. Malicious anticipations this week were not at all misplaced, and after a calm survey of Pio Nono's speech to General MONTEBELLO, critics must admit that the old and venerable Pontiff can be piquant when he chooses. Looking about him, in the pauses of his prayers, to discover the French EMPEROR's tenderest point, with the view of dexterously planting there the little necessary arrow, in an almost inspired moment the POPE bethought him of the French EMPEROR's health. Everybody in Europe knows that, during the past year, this has been a very sore subject with the Imperial Government. The rumours which from time to time ooze out about His MAJESTY's indisposition are productive, it is believed, of serious diplomatic and internal trouble. Accordingly, no Frenchman is permitted to entertain the smallest doubt but that Providence intends to bestow upon the EMPEROR a long and robust life; and French journalists are trained never to hear that His MAJESTY is so much as looking pale, without immediately contradicting the calumny. The keen eye of the successor of St. PETER picked out this crevice between the joints of the Imperial armour in a twinkling; and by way of ingenious torture he determined, not indeed to cut off General MONTEBELLO's right ear, which would have been nothing, but to pray fervently for the health of General MONTEBELLO's master. In the middle of his valedictory address, His HOLINESS "paused," we are told, "for some moments, raised his eyes to Heaven, and put his hand to his heart"—a symptom at which General MONTEBELLO, like FELIX, may well have trembled. After a few minutes' silence he continued—"Go, carry with you my blessing, and my paternal adieu. If you see the Emperor of the French, your EMPEROR, tell

"him I pray for him. They say that his health is not good; I pray for his health. They say that his soul is not tranquil; I pray for his soul. The French nation is a Christian nation; its head must also be a Christian." We rather think that, on receiving this kindly recommendation by the telegraph, the French EMPEROR—so far from being "almost persuaded," like the Roman Governor, to become one—must have been tempted to employ language about His HOLINESS of a distinctly secular description.

The consternation created in Parisian official circles by this candid and pleasing expression of Papal sympathy has been considerable. On receipt of the intelligence, there was an immediate and anxious call upon the services of the "gentleman in black." The gentleman in black is as yet exclusively a French institution, but one which speaks volumes for the good feeling and sensibility of the French press. When anything happens anywhere which it is desirable to keep dark, the gentleman in black makes a little round of the newspaper offices, and does a little gentle violence to the feelings of that sensitive being, a French editor. Accordingly, the Paris journals, with one bold exception, cut out, "upon invitation," the obnoxious passage from their account of the Pontifical oration, and left their readers to guess at the contents of an omitted paragraph. The worst of it is that it is apprehended, now the POPE has hit upon the idea, that all the French Bishops, with M. DUPANLOUP in the van, will begin praying for the EMPEROR's health, and finishing up with intercessions for his soul. There will be no end to it anywhere, for it is impossible to make it a criminal offence to call down blessings on the EMPEROR's body and soul. The POPE therefore leaves the Imperial Court for the moment very much as BOILEAU's Bishop in the *Lutrin* leaves his enemies—*épèrdu et béni*.

Il part, et, de ses doigts saintement allongés,
Béni tous les passants, en deux files rangés.
Tout s'écarte à l'instant; mais aucun n'en réchappe,
Partout le doigt vainqueur les suit, et les rattrape.
Évrad seul, en un coin prudemment retiré,
Se croyait à couvert de l'insulte sacrée:
Mais le prélat vers lui fait une marche adroite:
Il l'observe de l'œil; et tirant vers la droite,
Tout d'un coup tourne à gauche, et, d'un bras fortuné,
Béni subitement le guerrier consterné.

It remains to be seen, after this gentle and harmless piece of malice, whether the projected journey to Rome of the Empress of the French will come to anything. The EMPRESS's presence would for a time be a safeguard to the Vatican against that revolution which Pio Nono, in his last address, told the French troops was already at his gates. But as HER MAJESTY cannot stay at Rome for ever, it could scarcely be with the view of staving off disorder in the streets of Rome that she would go there. There would be two uses in her travelling to Rome. The first would be to show the POPE that, even if he is losing his hold upon Emperors and Kings, his hold on Empresses and Queens is as firm and durable as ever. And this will, on the whole, be a cheering thing to the POPE, and to Catholicism at large. It is quite true (and very natural) that the ladies of Catholic Europe are getting fonder and fonder of the POPE, in proportion as he seems deserted by the rest of the world, and feminine sympathy may be expected before long to culminate in something or other to be worked for him, as it did a year or two ago in a present to the exiled King of NAPLES. It is a graceful thing for the Empress EUGÉNIE to be the bearer of the condolences and good wishes of the drawing-rooms of Paris, and to put herself at the head of the religious feminine sentiment of the world of fashion. Just as the EMPEROR leads the industry and glory of France, it is the EMPRESS's mission to take the lead in the department—so to speak—of piety. If the Holy Sepulchre were not unfortunately in Palestine, she might take that on her way too, and perform two pilgrimages at one and the same time; and the French nation, which is all in favour of religious exercises to be performed on the part of Frenchwomen, would like her the better for it.

The second benefit to be derived from the Imperial journey to Rome, if it ever happens, would be that it would vaguely help to reassure the POPE, who seems to be in despair. The French do not want him to run away from Rome. The Second Empire has mixed itself up so completely with the Roman question, that its credit in Europe, already shaken, would be seriously impaired if the Roman question ended in a Papal flight. Anything that can prevent this would be a valuable diplomatic move, and it may be with some such object that the EMPEROR is thought to have allowed his permission to visit Italy to be extorted from him by the EMPRESS. In the eyes of Europe, HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY's expedition would be a further proof of General MONTEBELLO's assertion that, though France has withdrawn her troops, she still leaves behind her moral support

in case of need. It is by no means the intention of NAPOLEON III. to break needlessly with the Papacy, which has served him personally once, and may hereafter serve the interests of his dynasty, and even render valuable assistance to the foreign policy of France. The withdrawal of the French garrison had become absolutely necessary. Compliments like those lavished by the *Times*, in a sudden fit of virtue-worship, upon the French Government because it has not violated the solemn letter of a covenant—the consideration for which has already been paid by Italy in the transfer of her capital to Florence—are based neither on good taste nor on common sense. Credit may be given to NAPOLEON III. for friendly feeling to Italy, without representing the evacuation of Rome as a meritorious piece of self-sacrifice. The French EMPEROR leaves Rome, not to please Italy so much as because his own policy requires him to do so; and if he had not meant to go, it would have been madness to have undertaken to go two years since. The truth probably is that a permanent French occupation, in the present state of European opinion, would be undesirable; now that Austria has been driven out of Italy, it is unnecessary; and the EMPEROR can have no wish to bequeath a superfluous political difficulty to his son. The Roman *embroglio* is of his own making, and, as a statesman, he foresees that it is pre-eminently one to be settled in his own lifetime, before the accession of a woman, or an infant, or of a revolutionary republic, as the case may be. The *Times* is so full of admiration at the notion of the rigid performance of a treaty, that one is tempted to inquire whether it seriously believed that the French EMPEROR, if he never meant to quit Rome, would have needlessly complicated matters by contracting solemnly to do so. That is the kind of blunder which a knave who was also a fool might possibly commit, and which apparently the *Times*, in the plenitude of its wisdom, has been expecting. Some people never can look at the French EMPEROR except with their mouths open. This attitude of perpetual astonishment and wonder on the part of the British spectator is one which probably amuses and edifies both the French nation and its Government.

THE ARMY.

THE general opinion that it would be useless to propose a conscription for the army probably proves itself; yet it is a curious fact that compulsory service is, both in France and in Prussia, an eminently popular institution. Both nations are justly proud of their armies, and both would be indisposed, even if they could procure an unlimited supply of volunteers, to incur the vast expense of paying the market price for hundreds of thousands of recruits. Of the two systems, the Prussian is the more equal in its operation, but it imposes a heavier tax on the people. The French conscription, which has been copied by many Continental States, is open to objection as a lottery; for the holders of a "bad number" contribute exclusively either a large pecuniary tax, or the sacrifice of a considerable portion of their lives. It is indeed surprising that a thoroughly democratic community should acquiesce in the comparative or entire exemption of the upper and middle classes. To wealthy families a possible demand for 100*l.* is not a cause of serious anxiety; while the loss, for five or seven years, of a conscript from a cottage is an economical as well as personal grievance. Prussian conscripts in easy circumstances are for the most part enabled to discharge their debt to the State by serving for a single year in the regular army. Their humbler comrades, who remain for three years in the ranks, perhaps reconcile themselves to the distinction by reflecting that it is easier to resume an interrupted handicraft than to repair a gap in a professional career. All classes find a partial reward for the inconvenience which they undergo in their military education, and in their patriotic sympathy with the national greatness which is founded on the strength of the army. Custom, after two or three generations, has a wonderful effect in identifying positive institutions with unquestioned laws of nature. The necessity of a great army, and consequently of compulsory enlistment, is taken for granted by Frenchmen and Germans, because they have never known a different state of things; but in both countries the present organization had its origin in a life-and-death struggle with invaders. The Convention of 1792, and the Prussian Ministers who held office between 1806 and 1813, were supported by universal enthusiasm in preparing to resist or to expel foreign tyranny. Although NAPOLEON, in his later years, made the conscription intolerably oppressive, no French Government has at any time proposed to abandon the established system. Compulsory service in some form has always existed in European States; but, before the Revolution,

standing armies in time of peace were comparatively moderate in numbers.

In England also the King's press was, from early times, used and abused. The Militia ballot is a relic of old constitutional practice, and it would even now be equivalent to a conscription if it produced an army. During the great French war, compulsory service in the Militia was principally advantageous through its indirect tendency to produce a supply of volunteers for the line; but if the ballot were at any future time to be practically enforced, it would be better to impress real soldiers than mere National Guards. An invasion of England would for the time supersede all controversy, because public opinion would support the Government in demanding the services of every person who could be made available for defence. But the question is how to find an army for peace and for external war; and the difficulty is complicated by the necessity of providing for the maintenance of the Indian Empire. Whether the system of purchase is retained or discontinued, there will always be an abundant supply of officers. The well-dressed professions are likely to be more and more crowded, and, as long as officers are recognised as gentlemen, a commission will offer many attractions to ambition and vanity. On the other hand, it is idle to hope that young men of the middle classes will volunteer to serve in the ranks. During the Crimean war, enthusiastic writers were in the habit of contrasting the noble occupation of arms with the indignity of measuring ribands behind a counter; but shopmen obstinately refused to serve or save their country, at the cost of descending several grades in the social scale. When clerks convert themselves into artisans, and mechanics become navvies, it will be time for the recruiting-sergeant to address his blandishments to the sedentary classes. In France a young man of good parentage and education now and then declines to purchase his exemption, because an army of conscripts is not exclusively composed of penniless adventurers; but the English private, though capable of becoming an excellent soldier, is seldom a desirable companion for his superiors. The project of attracting a higher class of recruits by rendering promotion more attainable is chimerical, even if it were not of doubtful expediency. A few scores of volunteers might be induced to enlist by the hope of rising to commissions; but the country requires scores of thousands, and they are only to be found in the lowest sections of the community. The imaginary marshal's baton which the French private is supposed to carry in his knapsack has not superseded the necessity of a rigid conscription. On other grounds, an army commanded and officered by ex-sergeants and corporals would be a dangerous institution. The amiable idlers of the English mess-table might be easily excelled in knowledge of their duty, but they are incapable of plotting against the Constitution of their country.

The convenience of an importation of Sikh mercenaries would not compensate for the shock which it would inflict on respectable prejudices and feelings. Notwithstanding modern French precedents, white and nominally Christian belligerents would object to the participation of black heathens in European warfare. An image of the old Hellenic antipathy to barbarians is still presented by Western Christendom. Sikhs might probably be serviceable in slaughtering New Zealanders or Kaffirs, but Frenchmen and Russians must be killed, if at all, by ostensibly civilized combatants. GEORGE III.'s purchases of soldiers from the Elector of Hesse cost him more in odium and disrepute than even in hard money. The Sikhs, indeed, are at present subjects of the English Crown; but, on this side of the Isthmus of Suez, they would be regarded as obnoxious mercenaries. The problem is, not to find substitutes for English soldiers, but, if possible, to create an English army. The Volunteers and the Militia itself are scarcely to be reckoned among military forces, because their services are not available beyond the limits of the United Kingdom. In the proper sense, neither body furnishes a reserve to the regular army, because neither a Volunteer nor a Militiaman can be taken to fill up a vacancy in the line. Both forces would, however, be highly useful in case of invasion, and the Volunteer organization would be especially valuable, because it would enable the middle classes to contribute in person to the national defence.

For the present, it is only practicable to increase the pay of the rank and file, and more especially to encourage re-enlistment by gratuities and indulgences. Indian veterans ought above all others to be induced, as far as possible, to remain abroad when their term of service has expired, and when their regiments are ordered home. Colonial duty tends to become less severe, and when a larger portion of the army is quartered in Great Britain and Ireland, the irksomeness of the service may be relieved by a judicious liberality in the

grant of furloughs. After all, the suggestions of Recruiting Commissions, and of civil and military commentators on their Reports, only amount to temporary palliatives of a national misfortune or defect. While rival Powers arm at pleasure a fifth or sixth part of their respective populations, a Government which tries to tempt one in a hundred to wear its uniform must acquiesce in its inferiority of available force. The Americans alone, among States of the first order, adopt the English system of trusting to an army of volunteers. In their civil war, three millions of soldiers were raised in four years by a population which, taking the North and the South together, almost exactly equalled in numbers that of the United Kingdom. The campaigns of raw troops, under inexperienced officers, were extraordinarily wasteful in men and in money, and for a long time the results were uniformly inconclusive; but at the end of the war considerable military efficiency had been obtained, and from the first a foreign invasion would have been absolutely hopeless. The high rate of wages and profits enabled the Government in Washington, on the conclusion of peace, at once to disband the army without any grant of pensions to officers or privates. The same patriotic spirit which raised the two hostile armies provides the victorious party with the means of paying off the enormous debt which had been contracted for the purposes of the struggle. The love of adventure, combined with patriotic cupidity or animosity, would at any time supply a considerable army for the conquest of Mexico or the invasion of Canada; and on their own continent the United States can never encounter an equal enemy. If Federal America were conterminous with France, with Germany, or with the European dominions of Russia, it would be necessary to maintain a vast standing army, and it would be impossible to fill its ranks by voluntary enlistment. Before the war there were not a thousand native American privates in the regular army, and even now the proportion is not considerably altered. If peace should last for twenty years, the only trained soldiers in the United States will be Irishmen, Germans, or negroes. A State may be envied which has no need of organized forces because it is exempt from the risk of external insult or surprise. The good fortune of England in this respect is smaller in the proportion of the Channel to the Atlantic, and hereafter it may be necessary to redress the inequality by artificial means. A more democratic Constitution may perhaps gradually facilitate the introduction of compulsory service; and it will be well if an increase of national strength affords compensation for a diminution of political freedom. In some remote generation, civilized States may possibly cease to regard war as the primary business of mankind.

HUNGARY.

THE Address of the Hungarian Diet, so far as its contents are known to us, appears to be a bold and able document. It goes to the root of the matter. It clearly states what is wanted, and why it is wanted. If it has somewhat more of the air of equals addressing an equal than is ordinarily thought consistent with the relations of subjects to a sovereign, this is to be ascribed to the old traditions of Hungary, and to the accepted maxim that the Austrian EMPEROR only rules in Hungary by virtue of a compact. The circumstances of the time, too, warrant and almost demand an unusual frankness of language. The Hungarians are justified in asking the EMPEROR to reflect on the very serious dangers to which both he and they are exposed. That those dangers threaten them as well as him, they do not for a moment deny. There may be, as they point out, an attack from without for which neither Austria nor Hungary is at present prepared, and which would be fatal to them both alike. Austria may be forced into war without being in any way prepared for it, and the Hungarians are neither prepared to fight for her, nor yet can they be blind to the evils that might befall them if they did not fight for her. Russia is the enemy whom Austria has most to fear now, and Hungary has to fear Russia quite as much as Austria has. If Austria were now to make war with Russia, and sustained such a defeat as would break up the Empire, the German provinces could shelter themselves under the wing of Prussia, but Hungary would be absolutely defenceless. Nor is it only that Austria and Hungary have common dangers to fear; they have also common interests to secure. Hungary wants Austria to help her, not only against Russia, but also that she may exercise her proper influence over the curious little State that has recently sprung into existence and holds the mouths of the great river which is Hungary's main channel of communica-

tion. Hungary, too, can only command the Adriatic through Austria. It is through Austrian ports that she must export the greater part of her produce, and it is in Austrian arsenals that the fleet must be sheltered that is to protect her infant commerce. A war might come that would place Roumania quite beyond the reach of Hungarian influence, and would close the Adriatic to her for years to come. If only this war does not come too soon, Austria and Hungary may have time to enter into a sincere alliance that will give them the strength necessary to resist. But at present Austria cannot count on Hungarian soldiers. That which happened to her at Sadowa might happen to her again tomorrow. Her soldiers would not fight for her; and even though far-seeing Hungarians might know that desertion from Austria in a war with Russia meant ruin to Hungary, still, if the national quarrel were not settled, the mass of Hungarian troops might refuse to follow the lead of Austria, and a fatal catastrophe might be the consequence.

In order to avert this most disastrous result, one thing, and only one thing, can, as the Address points out, be efficacious. The EMPEROR must not only restore the Hungarian Constitution, but he must acknowledge that it has never been for one moment in abeyance. Even those laws which were passed in 1848, and which the EMPEROR has so often stigmatized as in every way objectionable, must be treated as legally in force. They were passed by a duly crowned King of Hungary, in conjunction with a Diet duly summoned and elected. Therefore they must be recognised as in existence. The Hungarian Constitution once more restored to full vitality, and the continuity of the national history having been recognised, then the Diet will do its best to conform to all the wishes of the KING. This is the language of the Address; but although this is all that is formally offered, the EMPEROR knows that more is virtually conceded. The Address, as now drawn up, has only been carried after a protracted debate, and its being carried marked a great victory of the moderate over the extreme party. The Address ought not to be taken by itself, but in conjunction with a resolution that the Diet should continue to discuss the mode of joining Hungary with the other provinces of the Empire for the discussion of their common affairs, and with a distinct intimation that the majority would be willing to repeal the Acts of 1848, or so much of them as could afford the EMPEROR a fair ground of complaint. The extreme party, on the other hand, insisted that no terms whatever should be held out, no hopes given, no discussions entered on, until Hungary was put in its proper position, and was governed under its ancestral laws by a King properly crowned. The members of this party claim a positive right, and will not confuse their claim by letting it be supposed that anything is to be done on the part of Hungary to get this claim acknowledged by Austria. There is not any very great difference between the two parties in the legal position they occupy; for both declare that nothing effectual can be done until Hungary has her own again. But there is a vast difference in the spirit by which these parties are animated; and the mere fact that a very large majority of the Chamber wishes to conciliate him ought to make the EMPEROR of AUSTRIA ready to be conciliated. He must give in; and the fact that the Address is in itself a token of the triumph of those who wish to be on friendly terms with him enables him to give in with a good grace and without loss of dignity. Ill as the Hungarians can afford to wait, they can afford to wait much better than the EMPEROR can; and as they are sure to have their own way sooner or later, and as the EMPEROR has no chance of resisting them for ever, he may as well cease to resist them at once, while yielding will still win gratitude, and while external dangers are not too overwhelming.

The Hungarians congratulate the EMPEROR on his determination to govern his other provinces on constitutional principles. They cannot well help taking some interest in the matter, not only because they could scarcely work together with provinces governed on a quite different system from their own, but because they themselves are the cause why these provinces have not all got Constitutional Government at this moment. All the Western provinces of Austria have had Constitutional Government, and it has been taken away from them. The Hungarians would not join in the project for having a common representative assembly at Vienna, and so things went on until the EMPEROR declared that it was no good having a representative assembly in which half the Empire was not represented. The EMPEROR was probably not very far wrong when he decided that the Reichsrath was a sham; but the discovery that Reichsraths can be declared to be shams, and that Constitutions which spring up like the flowers of the field can also perish as they do, naturally induced the

Hungarians to cling all the more closely to their own ancient rights, which were not created, and could not be swept away, in a day. Nor is it a mere piece of rhetorical compliment when the Address speaks of the satisfaction which the Hungarians will feel in joining other provinces, when organized on liberal and equitable systems, in debating the common affairs of the whole Empire. It is notorious that no one has been more resolute and sincere in his endeavours to devise some plan for the union of Hungary with the other provinces for all common purposes than M. DÉAK has been, and is still. It is even thought that a plan has been devised which both Hungary and Austria might accept. It has been suggested that the relative quota of men and money which each province should provide should be laid down once for all, and that the actual provision of this quota should be left to the native authorities of each province. A council, the members of which should be sent by the Diets of the different provinces, would decide how much should be contributed by the whole Empire, and then the money and men so contributed should be placed at the disposal of the EMPEROR. Thus, if it were decided once for all that Hungary should contribute three-tenths of all men and money contributed by the whole Empire, the Council of Delegates would first determine how much was to be furnished as the whole contribution of the Empire, and then the Hungarian Diet would decide how three-tenths of this total was to be raised in Hungary. There are obvious objections to this plan; but so there are to every plan that can be suggested. Austria has only a choice of evils, and no one can say that the wisest and best scheme that could be devised would practically work well. But anything is better than nothing, and the first aim of the EMPEROR ought to be the termination of the present state of wearisome, profitless uncertainty. The Hungarians are quite right in saying that hesitation at so desperate a crisis must be dangerous; and among all the perils that surround him, those which threaten the EMPEROR if he gives himself a proper legal standing in Hungary are certainly not the greatest.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

IT is one of the peculiar characteristics of all Irish grievances that the poetical or sentimental portion of them takes precedence over the portion which is positive and practical. To this tendency may be attributed the complaint—not, indeed, new, but revived after an abeyance of some years—that the cruelty and injustice of England are effecting the depopulation of Ireland. The sister-island has, as every one admits, suffered at different times from unjust government and unjust legislation; and it is not unnatural that the recollection of these should have embittered the feelings and language of the Irish people towards England. But whatever may be, or may have been, the misconduct of England, at any rate she cannot be accused of having committed this particular wrong. The very accusation itself shows how short are the memories of those who urge it. It is not so very many years since politicians who were best disposed towards Ireland—amongst them patriotic Irishmen—were perpetually upbraiding the Government for not initiating a “grand and comprehensive scheme of emigration.” We have before us at this moment a work written in 1848, by a gentleman very familiar with the Irish people, their condition, and the state both of their agriculture and their manufacture, and in it we find passages like this:—“Those who look to emigration as a means of relieving the labour-market of its surplus must anticipate its being conducted on a very extensive scale; as in this way alone can it effect any sensible diminution of the present pressure. It would require at least a million of persons to be sent away. How is it possible to transport such a number of people at once?” To show how urgent was the pressure of the labour-market, it is only necessary to state that men were then found willing to do spade work for 6d. a day, and others—a select few—were employed as navvies by the Government, on railways, at 1s. 4d. a day. At a period three or four years earlier than this, Lord Devon’s Committee report that men were seen waiting to be hired for 4d. a day, and waiting in vain. Three or four years later than 1848, Lord DUFFERIN mentions, in his letter of Tuesday last to the *Times*, that he saw labourers working in the West of Ireland for 5s. a week. Each year since 1847 has seen a continuous emigration. From the May of 1851 to the August of 1864, it carried away from Ireland nearly one million and a half inhabitants. As the people diminished, so the rate of wages rose; till, according to Lord DUFFERIN, ordinary agricultural wages average in the South

and West 10s. to 12s. a week, and in the North the labourer can dictate his own terms. To represent this as an unmixed evil is to pervert all facts and all knowledge. A cheaper supply of labour may be desirable for the landowner and the farmer; but the present condition of things is eminently favourable to the peasant, and is not wholly unfavourable to his employer. With a greater command of the necessities of life, it is to be hoped that the Irish peasant may acquire more of its comforts, together with that self-respect and integrity which often accompany an improved condition. Nor can a sensible employer hesitate between the alternative of paying money as wages for productive labour and paying it as alms for pauperism. So far as concerns the condition of the Irish peasant at home, emigration has not only raised it far beyond what it was in 1848, but far above what his best friends could have hoped for him some years after that. What his condition has become in the land of his adoption may be gathered from the fact that the Irish porters, navvies, waiters, and chambermaids in America have remitted in sixteen years no less a sum than twelve millions sterling to their relatives at home. High as wages now are in the United States, recent accounts seem to indicate that the great expansion of industry and commerce will make them higher still. Should this conjecture be realized, we may expect to see Irish emigration further stimulated until the elevation of wages in Ireland redresses the balance.

To urge this deficiency of labour as an imputation on the landowners is a proof of malignity exasperated to fatuity. The Irish landowners have done many foolish and some wicked things. But, whatever may be said of their worldly wisdom, nothing can be said against the generosity and the justice of those who paid large sums out of their own pockets to convert starving cottiers and famished small farmers into prosperous labourers. Let any one compare the condition of a small farmer’s family in Ireland just before the famine with the present condition of the same family in America. In the one case, poor and insufficient food, liable to a sudden and mysterious cessation, scanty earnings, heavy rent, and no prospect save that of poverty; in the other, ample wages, abundance of coarse food, and the most liberal facility of buying land. Great as is the benefit of the change to the peasants themselves, the benefit to the country has been still greater. The holdings of less than five acres are now probably fewer than 80,000; in 1841 they exceeded 310,000. The holdings of between five and fifteen acres are not much over 180,000; in 1841 they were close on 253,000. The farms of more than thirty acres were in 1841 fewer than 40,000; in 1861 they had risen to nearly 158,000. A man must have indeed a blind and bitter hatred of particular classes, or be singularly ignorant of farming statistics, who can persuade himself, or endeavour to persuade others, that such changes as these are aught but extremely beneficial to Ireland. To harp upon them as the effects of wicked injustice betrays a malice which, by its folly, defeats itself.

We are not now speaking in defence of Irish landlords. We are not anxious to become the advocates of men who, as a class, have done far less than they might have done for their own credit or for the advantage of their country. But few will dispute that this Irish landlord question, like every other Irish question, is full of queer contradictions. To point the invective of English demagogues with due effect, it should be shown that the great English landlords are the most oppressive, rapacious, and unfeeling towards their Irish tenants, and the most unjust towards the soil. The notorious fact is the very opposite of this. While the great English peers and English Companies who own Irish land are exceptionally liberal towards their tenants, the most conspicuous harshness is shown by the most Milesian of the squirearchy. For a downright piece of flagrant oppression, or for a continued system of extortion and hard-dealing, we will match a small squireen of from one to two thousand a year against the rest of the kingdom. And, if we wanted to find one of more than average meanness and rapacity, we should look for him, not among the old country families, but among the attorneys or retail traders who had invested their rapid earnings in the purchase of a landed estate. The freedom of land-sale which, twenty years ago, was so ardently desired, and which has since been carried into effect, has not produced a race of beneficent landlords, whatever else it may have done. But the depletion of which complaint is made is independent of the character of landlords or of landlordism. Had Ireland been parcelled out among one hundred proprietors, each as benevolent and as rich as Lord LANSDOWNE or the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, emigration must have had its course. True, it would have been done in a different way. These enlightened and wealthy proprietors

would probably have bought their tenants out on liberal terms, have settled them in Australia or America at their own expense, and lavished large sums of money on the improvement of the farms which they were thus enabled to consolidate. This was done by some; the majority were unable to do it; others took a harsher and more violent mode of getting the people out of the country. But by all, the kind and the cruel, the just and the unjust, the necessity of this emigration was keenly felt. After all, the Irish only did what the English had been doing for nearly two centuries, and without which there would have been no United States. The people pressed too closely on the means of subsistence. The humidity of Ireland, so favourable to green crops and so adverse to cereals, its want of coal and iron, and the temper of its inhabitants, averse from the steady prosecution of manufacturing industry, all conspired to forbid the growth of a dense population within its limits. He who would rail against the policy of encouraging emigration must be prepared to rail against the decrees of Providence which has denied to Ireland the physical advantages of England, and compensated her people by a boundless and remunerative field of labour in the States of the New World. He must be prepared to prefer the thriftless and squalid penury of the Munster cottier as he was before the famine, to the comparative competence of the labouring man free to choose his scene of employment in England or Ireland, and sure to find adequate wages in either.

There is, after all, a sentimental grievance in the matter, which is fully as much English as it is Irish. We too may complain both of the quantity and the quality of the Irish emigration. We see clearly how it repeats and multiplies itself. Those who have already gone beyond the Atlantic summon and enable others to follow them. It is as easy to stem the outward current as it would be to stop the Mississippi on its way to the ocean. It is, however, not the constancy and the rapidity, so much as the direction, of the outflow which we deplore. There was a time when we might have guided the stream towards our own settlements in the Southern hemisphere. There, under the influence, not only of prosperity but of distance, the Irish emigrant might have forgotten all bitter remembrances and vindictive feelings. Too happy to brood over past wrongs, and too remote to meditate future mischief, he might have united with his English compeer in founding a community which in its children should combine the poetry and imaginativeness of one race with the stubborn energy of the other. Two races of characters so different might have been blended into a people which, while it represented the special virtues of each ancestral country, gloried in the fame and happiness of both. Fate has willed it otherwise. Those who might have remained our more fortunate fellow-subjects have rid themselves at once of their calamities and of their nationality. They have made themselves aliens and enemies, and in the novelty of an unwonted prosperity cherish the recollection, not only of their own, but also of their fathers' sufferings. While those that they have left behind enter on a career free from the pangs of a fretful and hungry competition, enjoying plenty where they once knew starvation, and learning independence where they once cultivated servility, the malignity of English faction and the blind fury of class hatred make this improvement of their fortunes a reproach to the landlords, whose greatest folly and greatest crime would have been to obstruct an emigration which had been already proved so beneficial to Englishmen, and which has since proved the economical salvation of Ireland. The fact that, penury and starvation banished, discontent and disaffection survive, shows quite as much the impracticable nature of the Irish people and the insoluble difficulties of Irish questions, as the injustice of the Government or the cruelty of the landlords.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE English Funds are again lower, and the market for "all classes of securities is depressed, notwithstanding the abundant supply of money and the highly favourable character of the Bank returns." This is the sort of announcement which all the daily papers seem to keep in type to head the money article, and the statement is fully verified by actual figures. According to the latest reports, Consols are to be bought for little more than 88, and all sorts of shares are cheaper than they were even on the day after the great crash for which the year 1866 will long be remembered. At the same time, the Bank of England has in its cellars nearly 19,000,000*l.* of bullion, which it is found impossible to get rid of at the moderate rate of 4*l.* per cent. Money is to be had *ad libitum*, at considerably

lower rates, in the Stock Exchange. The returns of the Board of Trade indicate a trade which has been flourishing in spite of monetary derangement, and indeed was never seriously affected during the height of the crisis and the long-protracted tension of ten per cent. discounts. In the midst of the most solid evidences of real commercial prosperity, we have alarm and uneasiness enough to destroy the value of substantial securities, and to resist the ordinarily beneficial influence of abundant bullion and easy rates. The climax is reached by the reappearance on the surface of affairs of the wearisome crew of currency-mongers, who think they can trace all the gambling and dishonesty of a decade to the operation of Sir ROBERT PEEL's much-maligned Bank Act.

A state of facts or of feeling (whichever may be the more appropriate designation) so remarkable as this cannot be wholly without a cause, but the most experienced inquirers have confessed themselves at fault in their attempts to unravel the tangled web of circumstances which has brought about this untoward result. The depression of Government Securities, though at first sight the most startling feature, is by no means the least explicable part of the affair. The purchasers of Consols are a class, or rather a group of classes. Trustees who are allowed to buy nothing else, banks that desire to have a certain proportion of their assets invested in the safest of all securities, very rich men who cannot find adequate outlets for their redundant wealth, and very poor people who dare not risk their all on indifferent securities, besides speculators who buy and sell for the account, may be found among the purchasers of Government Stock. But the great mass of investors of moderate means never dream of looking at the price of Consols while there is a chance of securing fairly safe investments at five per cent., or more remunerative ventures with not more than a proportionate amount of risk. It is quite intelligible, therefore, that money should be abundant and Consols cheap at the same time, if only the redundant cash happens to be in the wrong sort of hands. The real difficulty is to understand how all kinds of securities can be quoted at unusually low figures when, to judge by the abundance of money seeking investment, the aggregate purchasing power of the market is exceptionally large. One suggestion, which is not so much an explanation as a contribution towards an explanation, has been made, somewhat of this kind. It is certain that at the present moment, in the midst of general affluence, there exist in large quantities the debris of ruined Companies and stranded firms. The assets of all these unlucky concerns have to be realized with such speed as is practicable, and they consist, to a very large amount, of shares, and other more or less speculative securities. Every little rally in the market is met by a flood of these securities, and probably no general enhancement of values can be looked for until the liquidation of the great defaulters has been brought to a close. There are many investments which are probably little affected by the direct influence of this dead weight upon the market, but the sympathy between different classes of securities is sufficient to make the depression of one stock contribute to that of every other.

It is not improbable that there is some foundation for this theory, but it is not of itself adequate to account for the absence of demand for securities in the face of a very ample supply of floating capital. Some time must probably pass before the whole secret reveals itself; but whatever shape the internal history of the last monetary crisis may ultimately take, we may be quite sure that the source and origin of all the evil will be traceable to distrust, and the distrust itself to the degradation of the standard of commercial morality. How often has the great credit system of England been magnified in comparison with the trifling basis of actual cash on which the superstructure is built! Have we not been told, again and again, that the hundreds of millions of indebtedness could never be sustained on a score or two of millions of currency but for the high honour and undoubted stability of your genuine merchant princes? And if this is true, as it undoubtedly is, we can scarcely wonder that, whenever honour wanes in the City, and fancied stability turns out to be no better than a quicksand, the very foundations of credit should be shaken, and strange and monstrous disturbances should manifest themselves, to the great amazement of monetary prophets. Commercial credit means something more than figures in a ledger or names upon a bill. It signifies probity and prudence, and implies a delicate sense of honour which will not stain itself with questionable transactions. And who will say that these are still the characteristics of the Company-mongering and Company-destroying community of the City of London? It is

not a pleasant thing to say or to believe, but we are afraid that the commercial morality of London, and perhaps of other capitals too, is far below the standard of which it was once the custom to boast. In all times there are and must be men, of every varying degree of liberality in matters of conscience, to do all kinds of mercantile and financial work, from the noblest to the meanest; but commercial society, like any other society, takes its tone from the higher and not from the lower classes, and the special blot of modern times is to be found in the fact that practices of a doubtful, and worse than doubtful, description have crept up higher and higher in the scale, until no one knows what character is sufficient to exclude the suspicion of manœuvring and deceit. This, we believe, was not so before the great railway mania of 1845, and the demoralization has, we fear, been steadily growing ever since that unfortunate epoch. We care little what the outcasts of commerce and speculation may choose to do, but the mischief we deplore is that the prevailing tone is appreciably lowered, and that the practices which men of respectable and even of leading positions now think excusable are such as their fathers would have regarded with horror. The signs of this evil change are only too apparent in the class of men and of Companies who have recently come to trouble. What Company could have appeared under the sanction of higher names than the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company? Their Board was, socially and commercially, of the grandest composition. Their solicitors were the very cream of London lawyers. Their contractor was equally distinguished for the extent of his operations, the supposed success of his ventures, and the piety and philanthropy of his semi-public life. And all this phantasmagoria has now been blown away, and left a mass of dishonest figures, misapplied funds, sham operations, and reckless waste, such as even these times have seldom disclosed; and out of the crowd of angry and cheated creditors and shareholders there emerge here and there men who were behind the scenes, and have made in a few months colossal fortunes out of the ruin of persons who trusted in names of the highest respectability.

If this were a solitary example it would signify little, but the same taint is to be found on every side. What is to be said of the great insolvent discount-house which converted itself into a bankrupt Company; and who can count the number of perhaps grosser deceptions in other transmutations on a smaller scale? Look, again, at the deliberate falsification of accounts in one of the most important of the Northern Railway Companies, and the strange operations which have accompanied the birth of ninety-nine out of a hundred Companies. It is impossible to reflect on all that is now being disclosed, without seeing that schemes trenching upon fraud, and often stepping far beyond the boundary, could never have been so prevalent as they have been if the whole tone of commercial honour had not been perceptibly lowered. There are thousands, no doubt, who would shrink from any contact with such things as we have described; but those who are less nice are no longer scouted as they would have been in days gone by, and little by little the whole mass of commercial society has suffered from the contamination. This is the one lamentable feature of the times, compared with which the ultimate effects—losses and panics, the fluctuations and disasters of the market—are evils scarcely worth a moment's consideration.

THE POST-OFFICE AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

THE present Ministers will, it is said, adopt the scheme of their predecessors for the purchase of all the telegraphic lines in the country. The reported details of the plan are not altogether encouraging, for it is gravely asserted that, while the price of despatches is to be largely reduced, the messages are to be delivered by letter-carriers in their regular rounds, and that an additional payment is to be made for the services of a special messenger. No further proof is required of the official authorship of the paragraph which appeared in a Sunday paper. Only a public functionary, and perhaps only a head of a Post-Office department, is capable of a contrivance for ensuring the contemporaneous delivery of telegrams and letters. On precisely the same principle, letters are now often carried by train past a town or village to which they are some hours later brought back on foot. The provision of a special service at an extra charge is highly characteristic of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The Post-Office has of late years been conducted chiefly for the purpose of showing a favourable balance-sheet, and it is not surprising that its officers should look forward with enthusiasm to

the opportunity of imposing high rates on all telegraphic messages requiring speedy delivery. It may be presumed that any Parliamentary Committee to which the scheme may be referred will provide some protection for the not inconsiderable class of transmitters of telegrams who have the weakness to be in a hurry. It will also be desirable to prohibit Post-Office circulars inquiring from the inhabitants of a district whether they wish to be excluded once a week from all intercourse with the outward world. Unluckily, the thinly-peopled parts of the country are scantily represented in the House of Commons, and the Post-Office, by Sunday starvation, and by the preference of mail-carts to railways, and of walking postmen to mail carts, profits to the utmost of its power by rural helplessness. The administration of the telegraphs will doubtless be conducted on the same principles, but the great commercial towns will probably find it as easy to impose pressure on the Government as to extort concessions from the Companies. Although the Post-Office believes that letters are written for the sole purpose of paying postage, it must be made to understand that speed is of the essence of telegraphic communication.

Only the most sanguine believers in official administration will hope for the speedy and punctual management of telegraphs by the Post-Office; but, on the other hand, the Companies have not entitled themselves to any special consideration. In many local offices in London the management is in the hands of respectable young women, who are totally incapable of affording any information to applicants as to the stations which are to be reached by the wires of their employers. It is not an unusual occurrence, in town or country, to pay several shillings for the supposed transmission of a message to some place with which it afterwards appears there is no telegraphic communication. A few years ago, in the chief office in Paris there was not a clerk who understood a word of English, although the principal business of the Company probably consisted in the exchange of messages, with England. It is difficult or impossible to ascertain whether any given telegraphic lines belong to a railway or to an independent Company, and one great railway Company prides itself on refusing to connect its lines with the rest of the telegraphic system. A telegraphic Company some years since obtained legislative authority to erect posts and wires along all the high roads in the kingdom; but hitherto few parts of the country have been disfigured by its erections. On the whole, it seems not unlikely that even the Post-Office would consult public convenience as effectually as the present owners of the telegraphic lines. A low uniform tariff, which might be collected by stamps, would be at the same time convenient and productive, and gross mismanagement would be exposed to public and Parliamentary comment. There would be some trouble in arranging with railway Companies for the maintenance of separate wires, as it would be impossible to interfere with the priority of messages on the service of the line. The Office would perhaps evade the difficulty by excluding residents in the neighbourhood of small local railways from the advantages of telegraphic communication. The Committees which must sanction the measure before it is adopted ought to take stringent precautions against official oppression.

As telegrams are only letters despatched more speedily and with less trouble, the combination of the telegraphic system with the Post-Office can scarcely be called an innovation. A part of the existing machinery might probably be made useful in telegraphic administration, and there would certainly be a saving in the union of the local offices, and in the employment of postmasters as superintendents. The terms of purchase might probably be arranged to the satisfaction of the shareholders, although there is always a hardship in a compulsory change of investment. The new system would, on the other hand, be unfavourable to the adoption of mechanical improvements, as inventors would have to rely on one unwilling customer, instead of several competitors. No Government department would have laid the Atlantic cable, as no private contractor would, like the Post-Office, convey letters by road where railway trains have been running for ten or a dozen years. Nevertheless, after making every allowance for the obstructive tendency of public offices, and more particularly of the Post-Office, there would be a considerable advantage in the transfer. Having paid off the existing Companies, the Government would find itself in possession of a property which would acquire an additional value in its hands. The balance would be legitimately applied to the relief of the national burdens; and, under the circumstances of the case, the enterprise could scarcely be called a speculation. The admirers of official

interference are already exulting in the establishment of a precedent for the transfer to Government of other commercial undertakings. If, however, the Ministers really desire to pass their Bill, they will do well to rely on the natural connection between written and electrical communications. Where there is a large property to be administered, the example of the Woods and Forests shows that the public service is both oppressively and wastefully conducted. The administration of a complicated machinery would overtax the energies of Government officers; but the capital invested in electric telegraphs is of moderate amount, and the objects to be attained are simple and uniform. It will be expedient to furnish Parliament with accurate information on the financial conditions and merits of the scheme. The Post-Office is not to be trusted with the manipulation of its own budget. In recent returns, the Packet Service is represented as costing 800,000*l.*, although 500,000*l.* of that sum is repaid in the form of postage. Departmental ambition is perhaps, within certain limits, a useful weakness; but the desire of subordinate functionaries to glorify their own administration requires careful watching.

The official or semi-official announcement of the intended transfer raises a perhaps unfounded suspicion by including a hint that the transaction may involve a pecuniary loss. When it is suggested that the Government could afford to make a sacrifice in the purchase of the telegraphs, because it would recoup itself by a general increase of the revenue, it appears that the Post-Office has not altogether satisfied itself of the accuracy of its previous calculations. Until the principle of assessment of the purchase-money is known, it is impossible to judge whether the speculation would be advantageous; and unless there is a prospect of gain, with an almost certain immunity from loss, no judicious Minister will propose the transfer to the House of Commons. It is possible, but not certain, that the multiplication of telegrams might tend to an increase in the consumption of stamps. Other taxable articles, however, seem to have no direct relation to telegraphic despatches. Beer and spirits and tobacco are already procured in sufficient quantities by retail dealers, and a long time must elapse before the trade in those commodities would be perceptibly increased by the substitution of Post-Office despatches for messages sent by the Companies. If extra charges are to be made on all fast telegrams, the proposed reduction and equalization of rates will be almost wholly nugatory. It will not be easy to convince a Parliamentary Committee that a tariff which is rejected as unprofitable by the Companies would be advantageous to the Government; yet the experiments which have been tried in penny taxation on letters and receipts have been largely successful. It would be unnecessary to raise any considerable capital in addition to the purchase-money; for the expenditure on additional wires and stations might be gradually supplied from the gross receipts of the undertaking. If Mr. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE are wise, they will not complicate their intended measure by charging the telegraphic establishment with any Sinking Fund to be applied to the payment of the National Debt.

ENVY.

DISSATISFACTION with the career which one has deliberately chosen is a very common thing with all classes, but especially among educated men. It is the greatest pity in the world that everybody has not two or three lives. A cat, says the proverb, has nine; a number which amounts perhaps to an unnecessary luxury; but a few chances of rectifying the blunders of youth and inexperience would be an appreciable advantage. Most people select their line in life at a time when the judgment is immature, and as a necessary consequence commit themselves hastily to professions and occupations the choice of which they afterwards in their sober moments sincerely repent. And this repentance naturally, if not unavoidably, takes the form of envy. It is their misfortune to see others, who started simultaneously with themselves, rising rapidly to distinction, owing mainly to some happy accident, which bears no relation at all to the merits of the persons who benefit by it. The feeling which instinctively arises in the mind at such a spectacle is called envy in common parlance, and religion orders us all to pray against it. But when all is said and done, we cannot help feeling that envy is not, after all, as wicked as religion is believed to make it out to be. Coveting one's neighbour's goods is, in effect, wishing to deprive him of them. In the majority of cases envy is not so ill-natured as to go altogether to such a length. Men do not object so much to the felicity of the lucky person, as desire that some similar good fortune had happened to themselves; and without seeking to rob him of what he has got, it seems very natural and simple to be sorry that a portion of his sunshine has not fallen upon them-

selves. The Greek language, richer than our own, has two distinct expressions to describe these separate and distinguishable instincts. The English has only one, and that one came very early to connote a sentiment of malice and uncharitableness, which is not in reality an essential part of the idea. Envy, in its bad sense, may signify a longing to enrich oneself at the expense of the more fortunate. But the name is unjustly applied to that movement of the imagination which amounts to a mental picture, not of our next-door neighbour ruined, but of ourselves raised to his pinnacle of worldly prosperity. It is, perhaps, the interest of society to affix a stigma to every sort of social repining; to endeavour to make out that discontent, within the most moderate limits, is immoral; and to enforce the doctrine of the Catechism, that a man should be satisfied with the station or business in life which Providence has given him. Human nature in this respect rebels against the Catechism. One cannot altogether avoid regretting that one's life has not fallen in pleasanter places, and conscience, so far as conscience can be considered an impartial judge, does not invariably pronounce that this apparently harmless aspiration is wrong.

It is not in truth everybody who can sincerely and truthfully admit that Providence or duty has called him to the exact position which he occupies. Duty may indeed preach to him that he is bound to fill it to the best of his ability; upon the principle of the Roman philosopher, *Spartam nactus es, hanc orna*. But unless one admits that Providence is the immediate as well as the remote cause of all the waste of power which we see around us, both in ordinary life and in nature too, we have a right to argue that it would have been better to have had circumstances differently arranged. Learned men, for example, cannot but observe that in the world the race is not always to the learned. Parliament, commerce, and the learned professions all tell a different tale. Even in the Church learning is not paramount, and from many a pulpit, in town and country, on every Sunday morning, asses may be heard lecturing and rebuking prophets as in Balaam's day. Ignorant and boisterous people, by sheer force of impudence and brass, force themselves into the front and carry off wealth and fame. Providence cannot be said to have designed this, except upon the general and sweeping theory upon which Providence may be said to order the fall of a sparrow, the spread of the cattle-plague, and the calamities arising from bad drainage and imperfect food. One weak part about this view is that it is so terribly disparaging to Providence. If mankind were wiser and better, things would not be as they are; and, as human effort might evidently improve them, the blame would properly appear to lie at the door, not of Heaven, but of Heaven's creatures. If man, as Mr. Tennyson tells us, is master of his fate, it must be true, as Shakespeare further reminds us, that it is not in fortune, but in ourselves, that we are vile. One favourite answer, which is commonly supposed to be sufficiently conclusive to refute all discontent, is that it is not the end of life to be successful. Life, it is said, ought to be considered from a moral, and not from a material, point of view. And if moral completeness is the criterion of perfection, no doubt many a judge, a lord mayor, and a bishop will stand condemned by the side of briefless barristers, broken merchants, and obscure village rectors. But common sense, besides insinuating a doubt as to whether anybody can be sure what are life's hidden ends, tells us that moral completeness is not really the aim of our existence. It does not make up for the sense of undeveloped power and of wasted talents. The argument is felt, indeed, to be so unsatisfactory that piety deems it necessary to interfere, and to remind us that there is going to be another world after the conclusion of the present one, which is to rectify all inequalities, and to redress all injustice. But this thought, however sound and proper, is, after all, not quite enough for practical use. A man naturally reflects that, after all, his more immediate business is with the present world rather than with a world which rests upon hope and on conjecture; nor does it seem quite so certain that, if there are inequalities here, there may not conceivably be inequalities hereafter. Providence, which imposes on us the one misfortune, might see fit to impose on us also the other. One thing remains clear, that, so far as we know, a certain amount of capacity for usefulness is wasted and squandered. It is dissipated, so to speak, to the winds, and all the analogies around us forbid us to be too confident that what is spent unprofitably now is sure to be recovered at some future time.

The true antidote to that species of justifiable envy which consists in the instinctive regret which we have described does not perhaps lie so far off as the popular consolations of religion are thought to place it. Nor on moral grounds do those consolations, as generally interpreted to us, seem to be of a very elevated kind. If envy is selfish, the pious comfort administered to it by the hope of rectification and readjustment in another state, must be allowed to be selfish too. It is equally egotistical to wish to have one's cake here, and to expect to have it hereafter; and the ethical objections which are urged against an anxiety to be happy now, apply equally to the substituted eagerness for future good fortune. It may be wise to take an extended view of one's destinies, but so long as these destinies are regarded purely from the aspect of self-interest it makes little difference whether one speculates on present or on future gain.

The truth is that envy means two different things, one of which may deserve bitter words and reprobation, but the other of which cannot be said to deserve anything of the kind. The ori-

ginal derivation of the term implies, it may be thought, a reproach. But, however that may be, there is a sense in which envy, so far from being wicked, really amounts to no more than a vigorous natural instinct, without which fewer efforts in the world would be made, and fewer great things achieved. Logicians and scholars have repeatedly observed upon the tendency of all language to give hard names to mental or moral idiosyncrasies the ultimate tendency of which the general public views with suspicion and distrust. In order to check their growth it affixes on them a stigma at their very birth. Theorists, idealists, materialists, empirics, sceptics, cynics, doctrinaires—names which in the beginning were applied to *bond fide* schools or habits of thought—are at last understood to carry with them a sort of moral curse. When we dub a philosopher an idealist or materialist, we do not merely imply that he entertains this or that opinion upon metaphysical subjects. A subtle flavour of anathema clings to the name as we fling it, conveying, or meant to convey, the further impression that all such metaphysical heretics ought, in our judgment, to be buried in the Dead Sea. This crust of prejudice, which has collected itself round many words, comes down to us from times when the prejudice was general against the class which they denote. Jews are a case precisely to the point. The opprobrium of the middle ages still cleaves to and impregnates an appellation which in itself implies no necessary disgrace at all. Such words do not, therefore, only denote things. They denote things, with an accompanying innuendo, that the thing in question has usually been thought badly of by our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers, who doubtless had the best reasons for so thinking. Before sacrificing envy to a vague moral prejudice of the kind, it is only fair to analyse the idea of envy, and to see what it really is, and what it is not.

As a mere instinct it is purely and absolutely colourless. There are few instincts which are not; and those which are exceptions to the rule are instincts that deserve to be called unnatural rather than natural. And the reason of this is that all moral laws, even though they may be sanctioned by religion, must be considered as relative, and not absolute. It is possible to conceive of circumstances under which any given article of the code might lawfully be abrogated. Christians in particular are bound to think so. If they consult their own sacred writings, they cannot avoid perceiving that religion at various ages in the world has sanctioned, if not inculcated, opposite practices and habits. The bare instinct with which nature furnishes man is neither moral nor immoral. It is in the gratification of the instinct, or the indulgence of the idea of gratifying it, at times and seasons, and under circumstances, when it ought rather to be repressed than gratified, which constitutes the viciousness of a bad act or thought. The indulgence of instincts leads, however, not merely to single acts, but to the formation of habits, and of the character in general. Some instincts, accordingly—those, for example, which ought only to be gratified rarely and with caution—are more dangerous to society than the rest. They need perpetual watching and pruning, and the instinct of envy, like all the various forms of desire, requires this in an especial degree. Alter the circumstances under which the instinct is cherished, and it becomes covetousness at once; just as natural passion, when the background is changed, turns to voluptuousness, adultery, and crime. Under all circumstances envy has a tendency to promote the idea of self above what is desirable; and it is for these reasons and no other that envy has got an evil reputation. It begins in reality to be base as soon as it threatens to interfere, even in imagination, with the condition of those about us; but until it does so it is no worse a form of desire than the desire to eat when we are hungry, or to sit down when we are tired. A habit of envy may, it is true, be regarded with just and merited distrust. Continual dissatisfaction with one's own success makes the heart as sick as hope deferred is said to make it, and destroys the energy just as much as care destroys it. An instinct, however, does not become reprehensible because it is improper to feed and foster it to excess. In the moral and instructive tales which are written so frequently for the use of schoolrooms and tea-tables this truth is almost universally lost sight of. In a recent religious novel the interest of the plot turns on the envy felt by the heroine, who has no children, of the mothers about her who have children enough and to spare. The unfortunate young creature is dragged through a course of penitence and prayer upon the subject of this very natural impulse, which is all the more painful because it is totally unnecessary. The wish to have children is a healthy and natural wish, which women are trained to entertain from their earliest years. The wish does not become wicked because Heaven does not see fit to gratify it. It is a pity that casuists, who are always inventing mental tortures for human nature, never can be convinced that sin lies in excess, and that there is a golden mean in which all natural desires are morally indifferent.

A WORD FOR FEMALE VANITY.

IF any human weakness has a right to complain of the ingratitude with which the world treats it, it is certainly vanity. It gets through more good work, and yet comes in for more hearty abuse, than all our other weaknesses put together. Preachers and moralists are always having hits at it, and in that philosophical study and scientific vivisection of character which two friends are always so ready to practise at the expense of a third, and which weak-minded people confound with scandal, to no foible is the

knife so pitilessly applied as to vanity. What makes this rigour seem all the more cruel and unnatural is that vanity never gets so little quarter as from those who ought, one would think, to be on the best possible terms with her. She is never justified of her children, and, like Byron's unhappy eagle, "nurses the pinion that impels the steel" against her. Yet it is difficult to see how the world could get on without the weakness thus universally assailed, and what preachers and moralists would do if they had their own way. In the more important—or, we should rather say, in the larger—concerns of life vanity could perhaps be dispensed with. Where there is much at stake, other agencies come into play to keep the machinery of the world in motion, though, even as regard these, it is a question how many great poems, great speeches, great actions, which have profoundly influenced the destinies of mankind, would have been lost to the world if there had been none but great motives at work to produce them. Great motives usually get the credit—that is, when we are dealing with historical characters, not dissecting a friend, in whose case it is necessary to guard against our natural proneness to partiality; but little motives often do the largest share of the work. It is proper, for instance, and due to our own dignity and self-respect, to say that the world owes *Childe Harold* to a great poet's inspired yearning for immortality. Still, we fear, there is room for a doubt whether the world would ever have seen *Childe Harold* if the great poet had not happened to be also a morbidly vain and, in some respects, remarkably small man. But even if we assume that the big affairs of life may be left to big motives, and do not require such a little motive as vanity to help them, these are, after all, few and far between. For one action that may safely be left to yearnings for immortality, or ambition, or love, or something equally lofty and grand, there are thousands which society must get done somehow, and which it gets done pleasantly and comfortably only because, by a charmingly convenient illusion, the vanity of each agent makes him attach a peculiar importance to them. There is no act so trivial, or to all appearance so unworthy of a rational being, that the magic of vanity cannot throw a halo of dignity over it, and persuade the agent that it is mainly by his exertions that society is kept together, as Molière's dancing-master reasoned that the secret of good government is the secret of good dancing—namely, how to avoid false steps. And it is this general promoter of human happiness, this all-powerful diffuser of social harmony, this lubricating oil without which the vast and complex machinery of life could never work, that man, in his ignorant ingratitude, dares to denounce.

We should like to ask one of these thoughtless revilers of vanity whether it has ever been his misfortune to meet a woman without it. He would probably try to escape by declaring that a woman without vanity is a purely imaginary being, if not a contradiction in terms; and we admit that there is something to be said in favour of this view. Nothing is more astonishing to the male philosopher than the odd way in which, from some stray corner of character where he would have least thought of looking for it, female vanity now and then suddenly pops out upon him. He fancied that he knew a woman well, that he had studied her character and mastered all its strong and weak points, when, by some accident or at some unguarded moment, he suddenly strikes a rich, deep vein of vanity of the existence of which he never had the remotest suspicion. He may perhaps have known that she was not without vanity on certain points, but for these he had discovered, or had fancied he had discovered, some sort of reason. We do not necessarily mean, by reason, any cause that seemed to justify or, on any consistent principle, to account for the fact. As we have already remarked, it is the peculiarity of vanity that it often flourishes most vigorously, and puts forth a plentiful crop, where there does not seem to be even a layer of soil for it. Both men and women are occasionally most vain of their weakest points, perhaps by a merciful provision of nature similar to that by which a sow always takes most kindly to the weakest pig in the litter. Lord Chesterfield, when paternally admonishing his son as to the proper management of women, lays down as a general indisputable axiom that they are all, as a matter of course, to be flattered to the top of their bent; but he adds, as a special rule, that a very pretty or a very ugly woman should be flattered, not about her personal charms, but about her mental powers. It is only in the case of a moderately good-looking woman that the former should be singled out for praise. A very pretty woman takes her beauty as a matter of course, and would rather be flattered about the possession of some advantage to which her claim is not so clear, while a very ugly woman distrusts the sincerity of flattery about her person. It is not without the profoundest diffidence that we venture to dispute the opinion of such an authority on such a subject as Lord Chesterfield, but still we think that no woman is so hideous that she may not, if her vanity happens to take this turn, be told with perfect safety that she is a beauty. Her vanity is, indeed, not so likely to take this turn as it would be if she were really pretty. She will probably plume herself upon her abilities or accomplishments, and therefore Chesterfield's excellent fatherly advice was, on the whole, tolerably safe. But still, if any hereditary bias or unlucky accident—such, for instance, as that of being brought up among people with whom brains are nothing, and beauty everything—does give an ugly woman's vanity an impulse in the direction of good looks, no excess of hideousness makes it unsafe to extol her beauty. On the contrary, she is more likely to be imposed upon than a

moderately good-looking woman, from her greater eagerness to clutch at every straw that may help to keep up the darling delusion. No philosopher is, accordingly, surprised at finding that a woman is vain where he can discover not the slightest rational foundation even for female vanity. But it certainly is surprising, now and then, to find how long the most intense female vanity will lie, in some out-of-the-way corner of character, hidden from the eye. Perhaps we ought to say, the male eye, for women seem to discover each other's weak points by a power of intuition that amounts almost to instinct. But a man is amazed to find that a woman whose vanity he believed himself to have tracked into all its channels has it, after all, most strongly in some channel of which he previously knew nothing. He has perhaps considered her a sensible matter-of-fact woman, vain perhaps, though not unpardonably, of her capacity for business and knowledge of the world, but singularly free from the not uncommon female tendency to believe that every man who sees her is in love with her; and he unexpectedly discovers that she has for years considered herself the object of a desperate passion on the part of the parish rector, a prosaic middle-aged gentleman of ample waistcoat and large family, and is a little uneasy about being left alone in the same room with the builder.

Unexpected discoveries of some such kind as this not unnaturally popularize the theory already mentioned, that such a being as a woman without vanity does not exist—that, no matter how securely the weakness may lie hidden from observation, it does somewhere or other exist, and some day will out. But we are inclined, notwithstanding, to hold that, here and there, but happily very seldom, there are to be found women really without vanity; and most unpleasant women they seem to us, as a rule, to be. They get on tolerably well with their own sex, for they are rarely pretty or affected, and they have usually certain solid, serviceable qualities, which make up for not being attractive by standing wear and tear. But in their relations with men—as soon, that is, as they have secured a husband, and fascination has therefore ceased to be a matter of business, a practical question of bread-and-butter, to be grappled with in the spirit in which they would, if necessary, go out charring, or keep a mangle—they are painfully devoid of that eagerness to please and that readiness to be pleased which, in the present imperfect state of civilization, are among woman's chief charms. Even men cannot, as a rule, get on very well without these qualities; but still to please is not man's mission in the sense in which it is generally considered to be woman's, and probably will continue to be considered, until Dr. Mary Walkers are not the exception, but the rule. One now and then has the misfortune to come upon a specimen of womanhood, good and solid enough perhaps, making a most exemplary and respectable wife and mother, but nevertheless dull, heavy, and unattractive to an extent that fills the wretched man who takes it in to dinner with desperation. And then to think that one ounce of vanity might have leavened this lump, and converted it, as by magic, into a pleasant, palatable, convivial compound, good everywhere, but especially good at the dinner-table! For, where vanity exists at all, it can scarcely fail to influence the natural desire of one sex to please the other; and a woman must be singularly devoid of all charms, physical and mental, if she fails when she is really anxious to please. That women should be fascinating, as they sometimes are, in spite of some positively painful deformity, is a proof of what such anxiety can alone accomplish.

We must admit that we have to postulate, on behalf of the female vanity whose cause we are espousing, that it should not derive its inspiration solely from self-love. However anxious a woman may be to please, if her anxiety is on her own account, and simply to secure admiration, she must be a very Helen if her vanity continues attractive. She is lucky if it does not take the most odious of all forms, and, from always revolving round self and dwelling upon selfish considerations, degenerate into a habit of perpetual postures and stage tricks to gain applause. And this tendency naturally connects itself with the wish to please the opposite sex, its success being in inverse proportion to its strength. Just as one occasionally meets with men who are perfectly unaffected and sensible fellows in men's society, but whose whole demeanour becomes absurdly changed if any woman, though it be only the housemaid with a coal-scuttle, enters the room, so there are, more commonly, to be found women whose whole character seems to vary, as if by magic, according to the sex of the person whom they find themselves with. Before their own sex they are natural enough; before men they are eternally attitudinizing. We should be sorry to say that this repulsive form of vanity always takes its root in excessive self-love, but still a tinge of selfishness seems to us the best antidote against it. It is marvellous with how much vanity, and that too of a tolerably ostentatious kind, a woman may be thoroughly agreeable even to her own sex, if her eagerness to please is accompanied by genuine kindness, or is free from excessive selfishness. It may be easy enough to see that all her little courtesies and attentions are at bottom really attributable to vanity; that, when she does a kind act, she is thinking less of its effect upon your comfort and happiness than of its effect upon your estimate of her character. She would perhaps rather you got half the advantage with her aid than the whole advantage without it. Her motive is, primarily, vanity—clearly not kindness—however amicably they may in general work together. But still it is the kindness that makes the vanity flow into pleasant, friendly forms. In a selfish woman the very same vanity would degenerate into

posturing or dressing. And, odd as it may seem, and much as it may reflect upon the common sense of poor humanity, we believe that kind acts done out of genuine, unadulterated benevolence are less appreciated by the recipient than kind acts done out of benevolence stimulated by vanity. The latter are pleasant because they spring out of the desire to please, and soothe our self-love, whereas the former appeal to our self-interest. There are few things in this world more charming than the kindly courtesy of a pretty woman, not ungracefully conscious of her power to please, and showing courtesy because she enjoys the exercise of this power. Strictly speaking, she is acting less in your interest than in her own. Although she feels at once the pleasure of pleasing and the pleasure of doing a kindly action, the second is quite subordinate to the first, and is perhaps, more or less, sacrificed to it. Yet who is strong-minded enough to wish that the kindness of a pretty woman should be dictated by simple benevolence, untinted by vanity? If we knew that her kindness arose rather from a wish to benefit us than to conciliate our good opinion, it is perhaps possible that we should esteem her more, but we fear it is quite certain that we should like her less.

Before we conclude, we ought perhaps to make one more postulate on behalf of female vanity, not less important than our postulate that it should be pleasantly tinged by selfishness. To be agreeable, it must have fair foundation. A woman may be forgiven for over-estimating her charms, but there is no forgiveness on this side of the grave for a woman who recklessly credits herself with charms that do not exist. All the lavish cheques she draws upon her male neighbour's admiration are silently dishonoured, and in half an hour after the moment they sat down to table together she is a hopeless bankrupt in his estimation, even though he may have courtesy and skill enough to conceal the collapse. As there are few, if any, pleasanter objects than a pretty woman, gracefully conscious of her beauty, and radiantly fulfilling its legitimate end, the power of pleasing, so are there few, if any, more unpleasant objects than a vain woman, ungracefully conscious of imaginary charms, and secretly disgusting those she strives to attract. An ugly woman who gives herself the airs of a beauty, or a silly woman who believes herself a genius, is not a spectacle upon which a man of healthy imagination and appetite likes to dwell. It is perhaps only in accordance with the theory that this life is a state of trial and probation that the tastes can be explained. Happily, it is not very common. Most women know their strong from their weak points, and marshal them on the whole well in the encounter with their lawful oppressor and great enemy, man. And until they have won the victory to which Dr. Mary Walker is now leading them on, may they never lack the female vanity which makes it one of their great objects in life to please.

THE LATE DEMONSTRATION.

MR. HARTWELL, "Secretary of the Demonstration Committee," writes to the *Times*, expressing his satisfaction with the result of the procession of last Monday week. He accounts for a good deal, excuses here and apologizes there, and, after the fashion of abler generals, makes out entirely to his own satisfaction that, in a strategic point of view, 25,000 are equal to 200,000. Knowing that military critics have assured us that, strictly speaking, Waterloo was a French victory, we have no objection to Mr. Hartwell's complacent estimate of his great success. We should never have thought it worth a moment's discussion what numbers the Demonstration mustered, had we not been promised 200,000. A much more serious issue, however, is raised by this person's letter. In accounting for what he admits to be the breakdown of the day—that the procession was unable to enter the ground at Walham Green—he has the impudence to say that he holds Sir Richard Mayne responsible for it. The Leaguers and Unionists were unable to get into the ground because they found a certain lane "blocked up by a dense crowd, a large proportion of whom were roughs and thieves of the lowest character, who, with an eye to the best situation for business, had selected this narrow spot for their avocations." From which statement the natural inference would be that the Chief Commissioner of Police had summoned all the blackguards of London for the express purpose of interfering with the march of Beales and his followers. The thing complained of is this dense assemblage of the dangerous classes; the only matter to be discovered is who brought them together—that is, did Potter and Hartwell, or did Sir Richard, call the procession out? Even accepting the Secretary's ridiculous doctrine, that the police and the guardians of the public are responsible for any consequences which may result from a breach of the peace, never mind by whom encouraged, instigated, or invited—what follows? That the police are to be called from their local duties to concentrate all their strength on a particular spot, to which anybody may, if not directly yet indirectly, invite all the scum of a population of three millions. We regret to say that this is a conclusion which, after all, is not so very unnatural for the Leaguers to draw, after the amenities and high politeness which they received at the Home Office. Mr. Walpole did not lay it down in words that the Demonstration was an admirable thing, but when he said that the police would use their best endeavours to prevent any obstruction to their march, he really went very far towards enunciating Mr. Hartwell's doctrine. If it was the business of the police to keep Piccadilly clear for the Leaguers, it was their business to keep the Brompton lanes clear. As we have hitherto understood the law, it is the

duty of the Executive to prevent any such assemblage of people as, though the meeting itself is for an object not unlawful, may yet collect such crowds that a breach of the peace may reasonably be anticipated. What might have been anticipated on Monday week, and what was anticipated by everybody, police and Hartwell included, did occur. A breach of the peace, after all, was the result. It was, we repeat, all along anticipated. Mr. Walpole anticipated it; the Leaguers anticipated it; Sir Richard Mayne anticipated it. The gathering of the roughs was foreseen by everybody. According to the Hartwell doctrine, it was the duty of the police to have dispersed the roughs; that is to say, what he regrets is that there was no charge of horse and foot, headed by Sir Richard in person, on the crowd which had blocked up the lane. Because this was not done—that is, because blood was not shed and lives were not lost, for it would have been absolutely impossible to have dispersed the roughs without a riot and bloodshed—Mr. Hartwell complains. These are the tender mercies of advanced Liberalism. The Leaguers admit that the meeting which they convoked, and the procession which they marshalled, resulted in the gathering together of “hordes of desperadoes and ruffians”; and the fact that “a terrible scene” did not take place, “which would probably have resulted in serious injuries, if not loss of life,” is to be attributed only to the virtual collapse of the whole proceeding. If these frightful consequences were only averted by the scanty numbers of the processionists, what could have prevented their occurrence if the summonses with which they placarded all London, inviting all the working-men, had been listened to?

This whole subject of the right to bring organized masses through the streets requires more consideration than it has received. No doubt the law, if there is any, on the right to hold public meetings and to organize public processions, is vague enough. And it is so because the present conditions of society did not exist when the present law or custom grew up. Sixty-five years ago the population of London and its suburbs was under a million; now it is trebled. London grows at the rate of nearly 50,000 a year. Good sense, or at least common sense, has hitherto prevented any mass meetings of formidable magnitude in the capital of the Empire. But if we are to accept the views of the Home Office, there is no moment at which London may not be exposed—we will not say to the roughs, but—to an occasion which is certain to assemble all the roughs. And whenever this occasion arises—that is, when any fool or knave is able to collect together thousands or tens of thousands of people—it is the business, we are told, of the Home Office and the police to leave the rest of London most imperfectly protected in order to defend the quarter specially menaced. If this is to be the law, or is already the law, the sooner we get a change the better; or we must demand an extension almost indefinite of the police force. It was this sort of thing which made a Parisian National Guard necessary. And Paris, left to its own free will and only protected by itself, ended in a certain day of December. The legitimate and logical consequence of the Walpole-Hartwell doctrine of public meetings and processions would be either a Reign of Terror or a *coup d'état*.

Whether Mr. Hartwell and his Committee foresee this it is not for us to say. The menace of “Reform or Revolution” has been uttered; and something which comes to much the same thing has been more than uttered. The Secretary tells us that the “Demonstration of December 3 may be looked upon somewhat in the light of a dress rehearsal”; and with praise-worthy mildness he intimates that, “if found necessary, it will be followed up on a far more gigantic scale during the next Session of Parliament.” The conditions under which this necessity may arise are significantly reserved; but, if all this is not the empty swagger of disappointment and mortification, it is worth attending to. We ought not perhaps to entertain much apprehension of danger which is promised in this discreet and gentle way. But no doubt there is a danger. Stung by their first failure, and provoked by the contemptuous indifference of the working-men, there is no knowing what the wisdom of Beales or the prudence of Colonel Dickson, or the loyalty and good sense of Leicester may not try next. If their bluster has any meaning, the least that it can mean is a settled scheme for terrorizing the Legislature. The Leaguers have adopted the plan of getting certain members to receive petitions in favour of universal suffrage on the steps of Westminster Hall. They anticipate the “moral” effect of Mr. Bright standing knee-deep in petitions, surrounded by ten thousand petitioners. Any numeral less imposing than a myriad seems to find no favour with the Leaguers. In other words, the only argument that they think worth employing is that of the force of numbers. Now there can be no question that this sort of thing is, if not technically illegal, yet directly opposed to the intention of the law. All meetings assembled within a certain distance of the two Houses, with a view of influencing the deliberations of Parliament, are actually prohibited; and the legitimate precedent for the plan of the League is to be found in Lord George Gordon. Very likely this froth will evaporate; but there is in the dregs of this cauldron of sedition enough to keep public apprehension unpleasantly alive. It seems that all London is to preserve its peace and property only on the slippery hold of Mr. Beales’s good sense, and Mr. Hartwell’s and Mr. Potter’s view of political expediency. At any moment they may, “on a far more gigantic scale,” organize a Demonstration which will also collect the “hordes of desperadoes and ruffians” in

far more imposing numbers. The roughs have not tasted blood to be sure, but they have been taught that the League gives them the happy opportunity of conveying watches, purses, and diamond pins. They are not likely to let the lesson pass unimproved. A jeweller’s shop promises better loot than a Leaguer’s pocket. London, in its other social divisions, can also apply the hint. These promised or threatened assemblages mean this—not only that the traffic and comfort of all London may be or is to be suspended, perhaps once a week, for three or four months, but that its business and commerce is to be broken up whenever Potter and Hartwell please. That is to say, a loss of many thousands of pounds is to be inflicted periodically on the shopkeepers of London. Nor will the evil stop here. If London is to be the scene of these menacing Demonstrations, people will be very loth to spend either time or money there. The annihilation of the London season is among the least of the consequences of these Demonstrations. We much mistake, if not the public spirit, yet the sense of private interest, which must pervade the middle-class mind of London, if the shopkeepers, as well as “the assistants,” are not at the present moment actuated by feelings which perhaps will be found more influential than the high politeness of the Home Office in preventing the repetition of this most dangerous nuisance.

THE CATTLE-SHOW.

THE distinction between the true connoisseurs and those who seek the gratification of an idle curiosity is strongly marked at every public exhibition. At a mere picture-gallery, indeed, it is sometimes difficult to tell, by the way in which a man uses his eyes, whether he has, or has not, a genuine knowledge of art. In the Islington Cattle-Show, the distinguishing mark of esthetic observers is of a kind more palpable, in harmony with the less ethereal nature of the object contemplated. It consists in grasping handfuls of loose circumcaudal flesh in a manner which must be irritating, if complimentary. That the process affords intense satisfaction to the manipulators is obvious. To treat a prize-ox with such familiarity is, to the outside world, like walking arm-in-arm with a duke; it implies a claim to membership of a sacred freemasonry of agriculture. Most of the articles describing the Show are intended for the benefit of this class. They deal knowingly with long-horns and short-horns and Devons, to the perplexity of that numerous class who have a difficulty in drawing the line, not between long-horns and short-horns, but between sheep and pigs. The learned will of course look down with scorn upon every one outside their own circle; and yet we venture to think that the philosophic mind, even when it presents an entire blank in regard to all the peculiarities of every animal not yet converted into meat, may still find much cause for thought in a cattle-show. Of course any peg will serve to hang a sermon upon; but the Cattle-Show is a peg of more than usual capacity. When we have freed our minds from a servile contemplation of details, and risen to that point of view from which cattle and sheep and pigs are all very much alike, we find an extensive field of moral observation opening upon us. As long as a man is entangled in considerations as to the comparative distribution of fat upon the ribs of two neighbouring pigs, he is of course ignorant, and probably incredulous, that any lessons can be learnt from considering the abstract animal—that to which a certain *differentia* has to be added before it can be discriminated into pig, sheep, or ox. And yet it is not difficult to suggest one or two obvious morals.

The first study upon which light would obviously be thrown would concern the relation between man and beasts. As between Mr. Gladstone and a prize-pig, the points of difference are so numerous that it is rather difficult to abstract them and dwell upon that which is common to both. But when we come to a prize-bullock and a farmer, the distinction is no longer so profoundly marked. The huge men-mountains who are generally depicted in the pages of *Punch* as representatives of the agricultural world are perhaps rarer in life than in fiction. The ordinary farmer, so far as an observation of the crowds at Islington could inform us, seems to be no more given to make flesh than his neighbours. It is rather in his moral characteristics that the likeness between him and his animals makes itself felt. An agricultural crowd has a resolute way of pushing peculiar to itself. Each unit is propelled steadily through the mass in the sternest disregard of cockney toes; he is only brought up by arriving either at a luncheon stall or opposite one of the palpitating masses of flesh, upon which he fixes a stony glare suggestive of cannibalism rather than of honest butchery. There is not the restless, excitable motion characteristic of a London mob; we are sensible of a certain settled gloom like that which is observable in a crowd of sporting tendencies, where each man is probably meditating the state of the odds. Here it appears to be the result of an imperfect sympathy between the agriculturists and their interesting charges. They glare upon a beast with a steadiness only surpassed by the steadiness of the beast himself. It would be a curious problem to determine the extent to which a man can absorb a bestial nature into his own. As in *Elsie Venner* a girl becomes more or less a rattlesnake, it is obvious that men whose lives are passed in cattle-sheds inevitably imbibe certain bovine propensities. The constant presence of an animal whose highest good consists in repose and food must tend to modify the human ideal. Without following this train of

thought into detail, we can already see what is the great moral of the Cattle-Show. It may be summed up shortly in the words of our great English moralist, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." This, like all pithy aphorisms, rather indicates a great principle than really compresses it into a sentence. It would have to be expanded into a volume before it could be fully appreciated. A wider statement would be that there should exist a certain harmony between all orders of created beings; a deviation from which is the cause of almost all the evils we suffer. In the particular case before us, we have a striking example of the effect which any disturbance of this harmony produces upon both parties concerned. Let us, for example, take the animal which on the whole is the most perfect type of the product of cattle-shows. The monstrous bulk of walking masses of beef, not yet passed, as M. Comte would say, into the subjective state; the oblong cushions of wool, which look as if they had been packed in wooden boxes and had the legs and heads fitted on afterwards, are sufficiently impressive spectacles. They are, however, comparatively inarticulate. For a voice to reveal to us the true key to the enigma, we must go amongst the pigs. Many of them, it is true, appear to the vulgar eye to be merely palpitating masses of jelly, with a thin veil of delicate pink skin drawn over them. They have the external appearance, and, so far as we can see, the intelligence, of a sea-anemone; one is tempted to drop a stone into their sides to see the ripple spreading in wide circles across the delicately trembling surface of fat. That surface looks, as Mr. Ruskin says of some of Turner's seas, as though it were in perfect repose, and yet as though the breath of a fairy might cause it to undulate. Such a pig is doubtless a poem to those who can appreciate him; he is an embodied sonnet, or an exquisite little Horatian ode, expressing in tender lines and colours, instead of words, the idea of lotus-eating repose. But such a perfect pig does not interpret himself. It is the querulous pig, who, in all the varied intonations of voice with which nature has endowed a pig above almost all other animals, really expresses his own view of his position. It is a melancholy fact that most persons persist in regarding a pig as a joke, even down to his dying lamentations. The touching screams with which he protests to the last against his dismissal from all the pleasures of this life are a theme for unthinking laughter. Many persons are doomed, like the pigs, to gain a reputation as humorists, at the cost of their own suffering. And, therefore, having laughed at the plaintive whine of the prize-pig, we should try also to enter into the spirit of his complaint. When one of these sleepy monsters painfully props his bags of fluid fat upon his abbreviated fore-legs, faintly turning his head towards his shoulder so far as his pendulous cheeks will permit, and feebly trying to open his fat-covered eyes, the dullest agriculturist who has been prodding him with an umbrella should understand what he says. He declares, as plainly as a pig can speak, that he is suffering for our good; rolls of fat have been grown upon his unlucky ribs, his eyes have been closed, his temper has been spoilt, exercise has been made impossible, to provide us with bacon, and to satisfy the foolish vanity of some farmer without an eye for nature. He is one of the most characteristic products of an overstrained civilization. The difference between the prize-pig and his remote ancestor of English forests corresponds to the difference between the costumes expanded by crinoline and the primitive paint of the early Briton. From that pig an intelligent mind might infer the British Constitution, and the whole of our modern system of society. Some of the details might, of course, be varied consistently with the preservation of the same type of pig; but none except our glorious institutions, no country except our own favoured land, could have originated the British prize-pig. He stands, or lies, in his sty, dimly conscious, let us hope, that he too is "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." For that pig is undoubtedly the product of forces which have been working—though not exclusively with a view to his production—for centuries back.

Now what is the moral to be drawn from this? for even a sermon on prize-pigs should end with a practical application. In an amusing essay upon "Compensation," in the last number of *Fraser's Magazine*, it is set forth with much power that it is an idle, and not an elevating, dream to suppose that in this life every individual will be compensated for his sufferings. The prize-pig illustrates this truth. He bears a great deal of misery, of which the advantage does not accrue to himself, nor even to his race. If the end of his suffering is to increase the total amount of happiness (which may be doubted), we must include a different order of being in those whose happiness is to be reckoned. This may perhaps be used as an argument against ever anticipating a perfectly satisfactory state of things in this world. We are compelled to leave out of notice some complement to our present state, which is required to solve completely the riddle of the painful earth. Still it is also plain that our civilization will improve in proportion as the well-being of the whole is reconciled with the happiness of every individual member of society. The Cattle-Show should teach us to look forward to a day when prize-pigs, instead of being amorphous lumps, should represent the highest symmetry, and at the same time supply the best bacon of which the pig tribe is capable. When that desirable consummation is reached, we may expect to find a state of society in which men too can reach their full natural development without distortion; when one class will not be devoted, like the proverbial Strasburg goose, to secrete unhealthy products for the benefit of the rest; when one set of mechanics will not spoil their lungs and another their

legs; when clergymen will not be called upon for morbid developments of sentiment, nor lawyers obliged to narrow their minds by small details, nor journalists to cultivate the art of spreading nonsense over undue spaces—all sacrificing their proper mental development for the good or amusement of others. Then co-operation will take the place of competition, and prize-pigs will be moderately thin.

MR. REED ON NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

THE Chief Constructor of the Navy has travelled two hundred and fifty miles to tell the mechanics of the Plymouth Institute how much better his vessels are than any others in the world, and how wrong it is of critics not to take all his ships for granted. It is a great pity that Mr. Reed's incessant trumpets leave so little interval for others to sound his praises, because, in spite of some blunders and much prejudice against proposals from without, no one doubts that he has really brought a great deal of enterprise and some research to bear upon the old sleepy imitative system which prevailed in the dockyards. It is true that the two model ships which Mr. Reed has designated by the titles of his cardinal virtues have been rather unlucky, even compared with what might have been expected from vessels of the class of the *Research* and *Enterprise*, and have made a very dismal display indeed when contrasted with the magnificent flourish which announced that their keels were laid. They are neither fast, nor safe, nor dry, nor comfortable; but still the attempt to build small sea-going vessels with any armour at all was so courageous and creditable that no one would have been hard upon a comparative failure if anything less than perfection had been promised. Another special plan of Mr. Reed's for improving the buoyancy forward of our iron-clads—the peculiar bow which was designed for the *Pallas* and other ships—has also proved a failure in its original form; but we do not the less congratulate Mr. Reed on having tried an unsuccessful novelty, and rejoice extremely that, by abandoning its chief peculiarities, he has managed to get a knot or two more out of the *Pallas* than would otherwise have been possible. A man who makes no failures is likely to be a man who makes no improvements, and Mr. Reed's novelties have by no means always been failures. The *Bellerophon* is in many respects a very fine ship. By the adoption of the Chalmers principle, her iron-casing is made proof against almost any hammering it is likely to get, so long as the bolts and bolt-heads (the weak point of all English armour) can be made to hold together. Then she carries, with more or less ease, guns of large calibre, though by no means so heavy as might be mounted in a turret, and would have been so mounted long since but for the sturdiness of official opposition. Besides this, she really would sail well if she did not make quite a habit of missing stays—a trifling defect which her eulogists in the *Times* seemed to think of no importance whatever. But the strong point of this and other ships of Mr. Reed's construction is their superior handiness under steam, obtained by reducing the excessive length which had previously been in vogue; and the experiment has been so successful that, with the aid of powerful engines and good lines, the speed attained has been kept up to a very high standard. It was hardly fair to attribute (as Mr. Reed did) the inefficiency of the *Affondatore* entirely to her great length, for all the Italian ships seem to have been so unskillfully handled at Lissa as not to give them the least chance of showing their capabilities; but there can be no doubt that the extreme proportionate length of the Italian ram was a fault which has been happily avoided in some of our recent iron-clads.

But the merits and defects of Mr. Reed's ships are sufficiently well known. Their good points at least have been adequately proclaimed in the columns of the *Times*, and it is not obvious why Mr. Reed should have thought it necessary to besprinkle himself to his Plymouth audience. He implies that he does this only to remove a groundless prepossession; but we cannot agree with his statement that the armoured fleet of England has been unduly disparaged, and still less with the apprehension he expresses that Parliament will in consequence be reluctant to find money for the construction of future ships. If Mr. Reed does not know, we have no doubt his chief, the First Lord, can inform him, that the House of Commons never refuses money asked for the construction of ships; and whatever effect criticism may have on the working of the dockyards, it will rather stimulate than check the liberality of Parliament. The truth is that the chief complaints made have been, not that the ships built are not creditable specimens of their class, but that we have not nearly enough even of broadside vessels, and that we are still almost wholly without a turreted fleet. And, notwithstanding the murmurs which are naturally raised from within the fortifications of office, we are very glad to see how serviceable the fire of criticism has been. Mr. Reed has knowledge and sense enough to be open to conviction, and in the matter of turret-ships he has at last come round to the view which has been so long and persistently opposed. With all his confidence in his own ships, he admits that they have been surpassed by a vessel built in a private yard. The ship which he describes as "by far the most powerful iron-clad yet built in this country" is not one of Her Majesty's fleet (as it surely ought to have been if all the criticism of which Mr. Reed complains was entirely misplaced), but a ship called the *Fatikh*, built for the Sultan, and subsequently purchased by the Prussian Government. If the candour of this acknowledgment did not disarm all comment, one would be tempted to ask why an Admiralty of unexampled vigour should have allowed

itself to be outstripped by a naval Power so effete as Turkey, or one so infantile as Prussia. But good promise for the future is better worth dwelling on than any lamentations over past shortcomings; and Mr. Reed's doctrines have become so entirely what the most eager advocates of progress could desire as almost to condone every abandoned error. His picture of the fleet of the future deserves to be kept in remembrance until promise is merged in performance. We quote the following from a report of Mr. Reed's speech:—

He thought that England should build some such ships upon the turret principle, neither purely on the American plan, nor purely on Captain Cole's, but embracing the best points of both, and they need not greatly exceed the size and cost of some of the largest existing iron-clads in producing such a vessel, to carry the armour 15 or 16 inches thick, and 20-ton guns, and to steam at 15 knots. She might also be made more secure against rams than any existing vessel. He had, in fact, satisfied himself that such a ship could be designed and built, and one or two such ships would contribute more to the maintenance of national power and authority upon the ocean than many iron-clads of the ordinary type, costing in the aggregate much more than they. . . . It would be well to set about the construction of a ship much more powerful than either the *Fatikh* or *Hercules*. This was, he believed, the means by which England would most effectually hold her own, not only in Europe, but with respect to that bold, energetic nation which lately sent the *Miantonomah* across the Atlantic. It was only by a boldness and energy equal to theirs that England could compete upon the sea with such a people. He did not share in the opinion that the *Miantonomah* herself was superior, or equal, to many English ships as a sea-going engine of war, but she nevertheless embodied many admirable and novel principles, and was an honour to the people who produced her. He admired immeasurably the daring genius of Ericsson in sending ships of the *Monitor* type to sea, and he was persuaded that it was not until the leading idea of that class of ship was developed, and associated with such other arrangements and improvements as England's ample manufacturing means would enable her to add to it, that we should produce the most formidable war-engine capable of being sent to sea. He repeated, he held it to be the primary duty of this country to lead the van in this respect, and to deprive every other Power of the opportunity of winning by superior enterprise and love of improvement that maritime pre-eminence which both England's history and her present circumstances incite her to preserve.

While Mr. Reed continues in this mind, and acts upon it, he may rest assured that he will not be much more troubled by the criticism which seems already to have expelled the prejudices against which it was directed.

On other points Mr. Reed had (as he always has when he is not speaking of his own ships) something to say which, whether it may turn out to be right or wrong, is well worthy of consideration. A strong feeling has lately been manifested in favour of converting several of our wooden liners into turreted iron-clads, effective for harbour defence at any rate, if not for foreign service. The *Royal Sovereign* is an example of what may be done in this way, and the prudence of commencing a wholesale conversion mainly depends on the economy of the plan in time and money, as compared with the alternative of building new, and of course superior, iron ships. Mr. Reed condemns the scheme of conversion into sea-going turret-ships as not likely to produce as much effect as the same money otherwise spent; but he scarcely considers the question whether a good return might not be got out of the old hulls by turning them into slightly-rigged iron-clads something on the model of the *Royal Sovereign*. A more serious objection is, however, the fact, as we must assume it to be on Mr. Reed's authority, that the dockyards cannot undertake a large scheme of conversion without altogether abandoning the more pressing work of building a really first-class fleet, though even this difficulty is not insurmountable while we have private yards able to turn out such ships as the *Fatikh*. Another suggestion which may prove valuable is to be found in Mr. Reed's exposition of naval policy. He thinks it feasible to build first-class cruisers wholly independent of sails, and in fact unrigged, which shall be capable of carrying coals enough to make the circuit of the globe at a moderate rate, or to cross the Atlantic at full speed. No such stowage has ever yet been provided in a man-of-war, but if it can be secured, the absence of rigging would no doubt prove of immense advantage in engaging an enemy's ship, and still more in attacking a hostile fort. Mr. Reed may be mistaken both on this point and on the question of conversion; but his views deserve attention, and are specially satisfactory as showing that the Admiralty is opening its eyes to the necessity of cultivating the spirit of enterprise in which it has hitherto allowed itself to be surpassed, not only by our old maritime rivals, but by Chilians and Peruvians, Prussians and Turks.

GENERAL BUTLER ON THE STUMP.

FOR anybody who wishes to study American oratory, General Butler's recent harangue against the Chief Magistrate of his country is well worth attention. In the classic and elegant phrase of the reporter, he took the opportunity of "uncorking the phials of his long bottled-up wrath." It was known, it appears, that he had desired for some time "to deliver himself of this lecture," and public curiosity was proportionately excited. "The Academy was filled in every part, and, bottle or no bottle, the house, in theatrical parlance, was a bumper." The significance of the mysterious phrase, "bottle or no bottle," we cannot undertake to fathom, but it is clear that General Butler's performance was looked forward to with great eagerness. Even the ladies were not repelled by the General's well-earned reputation for chivalry towards their Southern sisters, for there appear to have

been about as many women as men, and the orator began by graciously hailing them as "Fair ladies of Brooklyn." If the orator had kept his wrath long bottled up, the unbottling of it was an equally lengthy business. People often complain, and very justly, of clerical prolixity and long-windedness; but if General Butler is a fair example of the kind of diffuseness which comes of the union of an attorney and a soldier, we can only pray that the two professions may be kept divided, for our time at least, in our own country. Four very long columns of very small and close type represent a tax on patience of which the most indefatigable church-goer can only have an imperfect idea. But of course oratory, like everything else, grows very big in the United States.

The first thing which one may confidently look for in the opening ten lines of all American orations is a classical allusion to Greece or Rome, and most likely to both. General Butler got to his classics with laudable rapidity. In the second sentence of all, the audience were introduced to their time-honoured friends, "the intellectual but polished Athenian" (why "but," by the way), "the rugged austere Spartan," and "the warlike, enterprising, but luxurious Roman of ancient days." The use of the ancients on this occasion was not more original than the introduction of their names. One can always tell the function which the wretched ancient has to perform in a stump oration. In the minds of people of General Butler's stamp, the ancients are only remarkable for one thing. They failed, namely, in establishing republics which should last up to the present day. All their "intellectual but polished" and "enterprising but luxurious" history appears to have been transacted for the purpose of showing the universe at large that nobody but Americans could ever found a republic worth calling a republic. The old Constitutions of Greece and Rome were very well as experiments, but they were failures. They succumbed before severe danger. But in America, on the contrary, "all these perils, so fatal either in detail or in the aggregate to so many republics, have not only been passed in safety, but the country has surmounted them with accumulated power and grandeur, purged from slavery, the last vestige of sin and wrong in her Constitution, with liberty and equality of right to all men for her motto, and her escutcheon bright, spotless, stainless, and pure as the glittering shield which Richard the Lion-hearted dashed in the face of the hosts of the Saracen." Critics always tell us that Surprise is at the bottom of many of the very best and grandest effects of Art, and it has a place, no doubt, in the art of oratory. General Butler must have been aware of this. That emotion must have been powerfully excited indeed when the audience found this superb collection of adjectives—bright, stainless, pure, spotless, and the rest of them—wound up by adding to them the shield of Richard the Lion-hearted. Why, one wonders, should this same shield be taken as the type of spotlessness, and the foreshadower of the pure grandeur of the American Republic? At all events, it has the great merit of being a change from Greece and Rome, and in point of mere sound "the shield that Richard the Lion-hearted dashed in the face of the hosts of the Saracens" must have been exceedingly magnificent and impressive. In spite, however, of this, General Butler, after getting up the annals of the old republics, feels that his own is not yet quite out of the wood. "Urged by the warnings of history," he cries, "I plead as for my life for this," State education to all men—"the only assurance for the success of this greatest and, if it fail, this last experiment of freedom and happiness of the people, untrod by despotism." "With the wailing cry of him who sees the ark of safety for ever disappearing in the whirling waste of waters, I pray that the intelligence and Christianity of our educated people may turn aside the wand of the Muse of History, pointing downward the course of our country, to follow in the long ranks of buried republics, to guide us in a triumphant march, onward! upward! for ever!"

Eventually, two columns of "high falutin'" brought the eloquent man to the gist of his address. The corks of the phials of his bottled-up wrath fairly flew out, and the unfortunate President of the Republic was abundantly aspersed with the contents of these portentous vessels. First, the speaker dwelt on the heinous and detestable crime of "suggesting that a dictator is possible in this country." Then we have the fact that impeachment has been established as a remedy for usurpation and misbehaviour in office, because the founders of the Republic were "mindful that the Roman Consuls, though annually elected even, contrived to usurp power until they became dictators, contemning the maxim that a king could do no wrong, and impressed with the fact, from sad experience, that princes and ministers of state were not angels of grace." After this we get still closer to the actual business, and the orator maintains that Mr. Johnson is "estopped to deny the power of Congress to impeach him," because, in a case in Tennessee, Andrew Johnson himself had acted on the doctrine that speech may be made matter of impeachment. The argument then goes on very smoothly. Advocating an unlawful act is a high crime worthy of impeachment. The President has advocated unlawful acts. He has attacked the judiciary. He has refused to execute the laws. He has usurped legislative power. He has abused the pardoning power. He has made corrupt use of the appointing power. He has set rebels in office. "In pursuance of an unlawful, corrupt, and wicked conspiracy, he did incite, move, and permit John T. Monroe and his rebellious and wicked associates to disperse and break up" a

lawful Convention at New Orleans, "and the members thereof to kill, assassinate, and murder." Among all the offences with which General Butler charges his Chief Magistrate, on none does he dwell with so much force as upon that of "drunkenness in office." "I charge Andrew Johnson," he exclaimed, "as well while Vice-President, as while discharging the powers and duties of President of the United States, with degrading and debasing, even while taking the oath of office, the station and dignity of the office of President and Vice-President by indecently exhibiting and exposing himself upon official and public occasions in a state of drunkenness, by the voluntary use of intoxicating liquors, to the great scandal and disgrace of the whole people of the United States, and the Government thereof." It will be observed that the lawyer is too strong for the General. *Cedunt arma togæ.* The multiplication and repetition of phrases—"powers and duties," "degrading and debasing," "station and dignity," "exhibiting and exposing," "scandal and disgrace"—is as precisely attended to as if General Butler had been drawing a deed in his own office at so much per folio. If he is asked for proof of his charges, the orator is at no loss. For "if common, uncontradicted fame speaks truly, and that it does in this instance, the blush of shame which mantles the cheek of every true American, when the occurrence is mentioned, is the highest guarantee, then every Senator who witnessed the disgraceful, stammering tongue of the Vice-President as he mumbled the oath of office and slobbered the Holy Book with a drunken kiss will be at once the witness and judge; and to other like public and disgraceful exhibitions almost every station-master between Washington and St. Louis can give evidence." It is rather curious, and worth noticing, that, in spite of his statement that a blush of shame mantles the cheek of every true American whenever Mr. Johnson's mishap is mentioned, on the present occasion the audience is reported to have burst into loud laughter and cheers. Were the people of Brooklyn not true Americans, or is the reporter of the *New York Herald* untrustworthy, or is it possible that the audience took the feat of "slobbering the Holy Book" for something of a joke? They laughed still more at that portion of the lecture which treated of the President's "indecent, inflammatory, and dangerous harangues." There was especial laughter, no doubt, at General Butler's account of Mr. Johnson's "perversion of the Holy Scriptures and blasphemy, by enunciating from the balcony of the hotel to a deputation of tailors that 'the Great Father of us all was the first tailor,' accompanied by the announcement that he did not want to be thought facetious in so asserting." The President also is charged with "outraging the religious sense of the community by comparing the Radicals to the Saviour, using his holiest name, never to be breathed by a Christian public man save with veneration, as the catch-word of a drunken harangue." Not much less criminal is "his characterization of the editor of a leading journal, who certainly up to that time had dealt with him in courteous language, as a 'dead duck.'" "Shall the spectacle remain for ever unrebuked," General Butler asks, "of the President debasing himself so as justly to draw from the crowd witnessing the exhibition such expressions as 'Go it, Andy!' 'Keep your temper, Andy!' 'Don't get mad, Andy!'" and for the President to reply, 'I left my dignity at Washington?'" The loud laughter which greeted this account of a too famous scene rather spoilt the point of the passionate question that followed. "Are the decent, respectable, and intelligent people of this country always to have their cheeks burn with shame whenever such conduct of their chief is discovered, because the remedy has never been applied, or an example made?" The length at which General Butler dwelt on the incidents of Mr. Johnson's fatal stamping tour shows how deeply the public mind has been offended by that extraordinary progress. The orator did his best to fasten it in the memories of his hearers. "Let the people teach this incumbent of the office of President"—a wonderfully legal way of putting things again—"that he is not such stuff as dictators are made of, and, if we are to have a king, he will not be King Andrew the Indecent!"

Not the least striking feature in General Butler's address is his appeal to English precedents of impeachment. It is odd to find a man illustrating the legality of impeaching President Johnson by the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell, and enforcing the doctrine that the impeachment would not abate in consequence of the expiry of the official term of the Senate by the corresponding decision about the effect of a dissolution of Parliament in Warren Hastings's case. General Butler had evidently read his Hallam before talking to the Brooklyn people. It was not to be expected, therefore, that he would omit to notice the President's funny bit of ignorance—"Would they take off my head, as they did the head of James II.?" General Butler corrects the President with much gravity. "The President is at fault; by the Constitution only the official head is to be taken off, of which he himself has taken off so many." "Further," he adds, "James the Second's head was never taken off at all except in this wise. After having misgoverned his kingdom and disaffected his people"—a distinctly illegal phrase this time, by the way—"he became alarmed for his safety, threw the Great Seal of England into the Thames, and ran away to France, and took his head off with him, an example well and highly proper to be followed by any ruler in like case offending." In the midst of his anger against the President, it is worth noticing that there is no bloodthirstiness in General Butler's speech. He is eager to repel the charge of wishing to do the President any bodily mischief, although he gravely accuses him of

the murder of the people who were killed in the New Orleans massacres. In this respect General Butler's speech contrasts very much to his credit with the truculent language of some English gentlemen about Governor Eyre.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

THE Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company lately held its annual meeting, and the Directors presented a Report which was in effect a history of the Company's proceedings from its foundation, in 1841, to the present time. It is a history of progress from small beginnings to vast and complicated enterprises. The steamers of this Company now run from Southampton and Marseilles to Alexandria; from Suez to Bombay; from Suez to Point de Galle, Madras, and Calcutta; from Point de Galle to China and Japan, and from Point de Galle to Australia. The time has almost come, however, when both mails and passengers for Madras and Calcutta will be or may be forwarded to Bombay, and thence by railway. The Secretary of the Company, indeed, stated before a Parliamentary Committee his opinion that passengers would prefer to go by steamer to Madras and Calcutta even after railway communication had been completed between the three Presidencies. This officer perhaps over-estimates the attractiveness of the steamers which he manages, and we should think that the public would at any rate desire to have an opportunity of choosing between those steamers and the Indian railways.

The Report to which we have referred appears to have been satisfactory to the shareholders in the Company. But the Secretary, when he drew it up, was not exposed to cross-examination or reply, and therefore perhaps it may be more instructive to refer to the same Secretary's evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons on East Indian communications, which was given under liability to be confronted with the strenuous opponents of the "monopoly" of the Company which he represents. A comparison having been drawn between the performances of the steamers of his own Company and those of the Cunard line, he told the Committee that his employers "were totally opposed to the opinion that the navigation of the Indian seas is more easy than that of the Atlantic." If a vessel is placed upon the line eastward of Suez that has been worked at a certain rate of speed and has consumed a certain quantity of coals on the Mediterranean side, there is found immediately a greater consumption of coals, and a diminution of speed. It is easy to understand that the expense and difficulty of victualling passengers on the other side of Suez may be very much greater than on this side. "We have no markets to go to other than for a little live stock. We can get sheep and bad poultry, but everything in the way of stores has to be sent out from England, and perhaps kept in dépôt for a long time." It is well known that on board these steamers the Company supplies to the passengers liquors as well as food, and "during last year there were consumed 1,300,000 bottles of wine, spirits, beer, and soda-water on board all the Company's steamers." If a teetotaler happens to be a passenger, he pays, we believe, as much passage-money as if he were in the habit of taking his two bottles of wine daily; and this is a grievance which, so far as we are aware, those active bodies of agitators, the Total Abstinence Societies, have not hitherto improved as they might have done. "There would be very great inconvenience," says the Secretary, "in having a bar, as is done in the Cunard service"; although it is not easy to see what the inconvenience would be. It is still less easy, however, to see the existing practice in the dark colours in which it was painted by Mr. Robert Knight, who represented before the Committee that portion of the Indian public which groans under the monopoly of the "P. and O." "Do you think," asks that congenial questioner Mr. Ayrton, "that the practice of putting an unlimited quantity of wine and spirits on the table to be consumed leads to a great waste on board the vessels of the Company?" "Yes," answers this witness, "I believe it to be a most wasteful plan, and it is very distasteful to passengers, as it is made a pretext for maintaining high passage-rates." Mr. Ayrton further desired to be informed whether this practice did not tend to do a considerable amount of mischief, by exposing people to the temptation of an unlimited supply of wine and spirits who had not been accustomed to it before; and the witness answered that with very young people that might be the case. Further questions produced the statement that consumption was very much increased in consequence of things being given without restraint, and "especially in the case of youngsters"; and that people have been heard to say that they would drink for the purpose of punishing the Company for their heavy passage-rates. The Secretary meets the complaint as to expense by showing that, whereas the Cunard Company charges between Liverpool and New York about 2*d.* per mile for passage-money, his Company only charges between Southampton and Alexandria 2*d.*, so that passengers on this side of Suez may drink as much as they like for 4*d.* per mile. Stating the difference another way, the Cunard Company charges 2*d.* and the "P. and O." 3*d.*; and the difference, 4*d.*, divided by 13 (the usual number of days occupied in the voyage from Southampton to Alexandria) gives an extra charge, which may be attributed to liquors, of about 6*s.* per diem. The charges beyond Suez are as high as 3*d.* and 3*d.* per mile, but it would be evidently unfair to compare these charges with those of the Cunard

line, seeing that that line is, to use a military term, "based" on England and the United States; whereas supplies of provisions, liquors, coals, &c., have to be sent from England to Suez or Bombay, to fill the dépôts of the steamers running to Calcutta and China. The Secretary of the "P. and O." appeared several times before the Committee, and he stated, after deliberate calculation, that if the system were adopted of having a bar on board, the utmost reduction of passage-money that could be made to non-consuming passengers would be five per cent. This calculation, if accurate, disposes of the question in its economical aspect; but we should like to see the moral aspect of it discussed between the Secretary and the Temperance Societies, who are probably capable, if so disposed, of making powerful use of the topic of alleged deterioration of the character of youth under the temptations of the existing system. The Secretary, indeed, arrives at last at a justification of things as they are, upon moral as well as economical considerations. "If we had a place on board where a passenger could go and buy his wine, he would claim a right to do it at all hours of the day, and he would buy a bottle of brandy, and carry it to his cabin." He states, in support of this opinion, that a vessel belonging to the "P. and O." was once lent to another Company, which adopted the bar system, and the captain "never saw so much which approached to intemperance on board any vessel." As this evidence was given at a time when the Committee began to desire "to limit the inquiry as much as possible," there was no opportunity of hearing what Mr. Knight, of the Indian press, had to say to this imputation upon Indian passengers of being unable to resist the temptation of getting tipsy if a bar were open at all hours on board the steamers. But it is evident that the Secretary must have been hard-pressed when he resorted to such an argument as this, which might be answered, if it were well founded in fact, by suggesting that a bar need not be open at all hours. The system adopted by the Messageries Impériales, which is a French Company running steamers to the East, is to supply wines "of a certain quality," and if a passenger requires wine of a higher quality, he can have it by buying it. We do not hear that intemperance "extending from the passengers to the crew" prevails under this system.

According to ordinary English ideas, if this Company charges exorbitantly either for liquors or anything else, the remedy would be to start another Company in opposition to it. But if another Company were to start unsupported by a postal subsidy, it is hardly to be doubted that such Company would fail. The complaint against the existing Company is that, having subsidies, and a large establishment, and possession of the ground, it uses these advantages to exclude competitors, and oppress Indian society by unduly taxing its home communications. But the apparent profits of the Company are not extravagant, and we need not pay much attention to the Indian newspapers which talk wildly about "the Imperial Palace in Leadenhall Street," and suggest that the real profits are greater than is confessed. Credulous people at home might perhaps be persuaded that this Company possesses magnificent establishments and almost dominions in the East, but people in India ought to be able to appreciate the realities of their own world. Yet an Indian newspaper stated that the Company possessed at Singapore "a dockyard that a third-rate Power might be proud of"; and, when pressed for authority for this assertion, it referred to the late Mr. Albert Smith. It resulted from the discussion of these matters before a Parliamentary Committee, that an increased speed in the transmission of mails between Suez and Bombay will be obtained, either from this Company or some competitor. In this respect, therefore, the Indian public has prevailed in its contest with the "monopoly." An important change will be effected by the employment of large Government steamers for transport of troops by way of Suez. As officers will usually travel by these steamers, the Company will thus be deprived of a considerable number of first-class passengers. Probably the development of railways and other openings for English industry in India will occasion an increase of passenger traffic, which will more than compensate for the loss occasioned by Government undertaking its own transport business. But the class of passengers which will be thus produced are likely to be far less tolerant of excessive charges than the Indian civil or military officer of past times, and they may consider that a system which, in the Secretary's words, "is as much as possible what a private gentleman would adopt in his own house," is dear at the price charged for it. Yet, in spite of some adverse circumstances, this Company have still a position from which it must be very difficult for competitors to drive them. Their French rivals, the Messageries Impériales, may perhaps enjoy peculiar advantages, inasmuch as ships, colonies, and commerce are sometimes deemed by French policy to be worth acquiring at an unremunerative price. Whether these steamers, or the establishments to which they run, could maintain themselves without extraneous aid, may be doubtful. But it pleases the French Government to subsidize these steamers, and English commerce finds them convenient. They run as far as Japan, and we learned lately from the French newspapers that that nation, which we have found so intractable, is rapidly surrendering itself to the influence of French ideas. If it should continue to be one of those ideas to run a line of steamers without considering whether it pays, we shall venture to predict that Indian society will unanimously pray for the stability of the Imperial Government of France.

REVIEWS.

RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE POPES.*

RANKE'S History of the Popes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries is a book which has produced a permanent effect on opinion in England. The Dean of St. Paul's, in a short preface to the fourth edition of Mrs. Austin's excellent translation, relates how he was impressed with the value and importance of the work when first published in Germany in 1834-1836, and how he introduced it to the notice of English readers in two articles in the *Quarterly*. "I believe," he continues, "that I may safely assert that, mainly in consequence of those articles, the translation of the book was undertaken by Mrs. Austin." Mrs. Austin succeeded in the difficult task of making a translation of German prose read like an original English work; and as she was in communication with Ranke, she had the advantage of being able to refer to the writer himself on all points of doubt and question. The book itself, for its subject, its novelty, and the unusual skill displayed in translating it, would have been sure to engage the interest of English readers; and it was followed up by Lord Macaulay's article, which gathered up its lessons and pointed out its significance at a moment when a great and unlooked-for theological movement of opinion gave the subject more than even its historical importance, and connected it with the conflicts of great parties and living men. The history of the Papacy and of the Roman Church since the Reformation was felt to be treated in a way in which no one had before thought of treating it. Immense learning had been accumulated by preceding writers to illustrate it, and a series of events which had so stirred and divided mankind could not fail to call out abundance of keen and just observation on all sides. It had afforded an inexhaustible theme for theological advocacy or attack, for political comment, for literary panegyric, and, it need not be said, for the most extravagant flattery and the bitterest sarcasm. And, if all sides did not seem equally genuine and sincere when they praised, there could be no doubt of their sincerity when they hated and denounced. But no one had yet attempted to look at this history from two sides, instead of only from one; to look at it as a whole, instead of confining all interest and giving all right to one of the two great conflicting parties. To do this seems to us now a very simple and obvious thing. But it was such books as Ranke's which really taught us how to do it. In his own subject, he is the first who thought of doing it, and he made a great step towards doing what he had conceived. And it is obvious that, if the book had remained buried to the mass of English readers in its original German, or had been less fortunate in its English translator, its effect here would have been much more limited. The translator in this case has been almost as important a person as the writer.

It is of course superfluous to criticize or praise so well-known a work. But the oldest book may suggest fresh reflections when we read it again after some interval; and the appearance of a new edition tempts to a few remarks which occur to us on renewing our acquaintance with the History of the Popes. Ranke's industry, keen insight, conscientiousness and largeness of view, certainly do not appear less striking or less real on a second reading. His power of doing justice, of keeping two different sides of a subject present to his mind, of entering into ideas and motives which he does not share, gives him a great advantage in describing and judging the furious and eventful conflicts which followed the Reformation. And he combines remarkably the power of seeing great movements in their large outlines and complete developments, at once with sobriety and self-restraint in generalization, and with critical exactness in dealing with evidence, and a strong sympathy for the details of character and feeling which light up all history. We cannot read him without feeling that he is a man who means to get to the bottom of his subject, who has real knowledge and the faculty of thinking powerfully about it. But as a book to be read, we must confess that we lay it down with the feeling that it is short of what a history like this ought to be. As a work of historical art and skill it fails to satisfy us, both in its form and its substance. As to its form, it is one of the most uncomfortable books to read that we know. We are carried on, not continuously, but by a series of jerks. At one moment we are reading general European history, then we are thrown into a chapter of abstract speculation, and thence we pass into the minute and curious intrigues of a conclave, or the domestic habits of a Pope. We have the *disiecta membra* of a deeply interesting history; but reading Ranke is like reading the *excerpta*, and most important passages of a course of philosophical lectures, of which the connecting form and arrangement have been dropped; or, rather, it is like having the separate parts of a great machine lying before us, but not put together so as to make up the machine and enable it to work. Of course, in the question between form and substance, form is the least important part. But it is important, nevertheless, and an historical inquirer and discoverer ought to remember that the world has examples of great historical compositions in which the utmost care for form has not involved any sacrifice of sub-

* *The Popes of Rome*. By Leopold Ranke. Translated by Sarah Austin. Fourth Edition. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1866.

stance; and he ought not to think it beneath him to pay attention to arrangement, proportion, disposition, and connection of parts, and all that turns a set of fragmentary notes into a complete work with unity and the perfection of a whole. With Gibbon before him, no historian has a right to think that his subject is too vast or too full of detail to admit of being put into shape, and made convenient and agreeable to read; and if he thinks that his matter is so valuable that he need not trouble himself about the undress in which it comes from his commonplace book or his oral lecture, he must not be surprised if readers complain of clumsiness.

Nor are Ranke's defects only those of form. His book is not properly so much a history of the Popes, as a series of philosophical comments on the connection of their policy and history with the progress of European history. This is perhaps more convenient for the writer than for the reader. It is a way of writing which enables the writer to say what he wants as the thoughts occur to him; but it does not always suit the reader, who wants to know the story, its facts and its links, as well as his teacher's reflections on it. And it all along seems as if Ranke had never firmly made up his mind what sort of book he was going to write. He gives an immense deal of history, new and curious history; and he gives a great deal of generalization, pointing out the drift and significance of the history as it goes forward. One element interferes with the other. The philosophizing reduces the purely historical portion to mere sketches—doubtless with many vigorous touches, but still mere incomplete sketches—with some features elaborately worked out, and others, equally real, totally unnoticed and left blank; and it is also apt to displace inconveniently the different portions of the work. Thus, for instance, we are deep in the eventful policy of Urban VIII. before we are told who Urban VIII. was. Then, as to the exposition of general causes and movements, there is a good deal that is loose and hazy in expression, and in which facts seem hastily assumed, and rather arbitrarily invested with a meaning, or made to bear a conclusion. Ranke of course is right in the leading idea of his work—the great and astonishing fact, never before him so fully recognised or so strongly brought into life, of the reconquest by the Papacy of an empire which seemed hopelessly at an end; of its extraordinary resuscitation to a moral vigour greater in some respects than it had shown in the middle ages; of the wonderful power of a triumphant reaction, able, by an unexampled combination of unflinching secular violence and boundless spiritual self-devotion, to roll back the strongest and most natural tendencies of an age which seemed to have conquered its freedom; till the impulse yielded, not to the strength of opposition without, but to the old inevitable slackening within, and the Papacy subsided from the aggressive and formidable attitude which it had assumed for a time, to a self-defensive conservatism and a worldliness supposed to be decent. In his tracing of the course and fortunes of this great struggle it need not be said how much is masterly, comprehensive, and full of truth and evidence. But the details are unequal. There is often a looseness and want of precision and authority in the way in which facts are stated. General assertions are made, or accepted from others, of which it is obvious to remark that they are of a nature to suggest questions and to need explanation rather than to be the basis of historical argument. And Ranke has a way occasionally of making an oracular enunciation or aphorism—or, still more, some *mot* or trait of character—do duty for something more solid and matter-of-fact in confirmation of what he puts before us. We must add that when he comes to handle theological controversies, and attempts to get to the bottom of them, and to disengage their essential and deeper principles and meaning, he seems to be unable to deal with them in anything more than their superficial aspect. His account of the theological debates at Trent, his contrast between the Lutheran and Tridentine doctrines, and, later on, his representations of the Jesuit casuistry, and of the theology and development of Jansenism, seem to us quite unworthy of such a work as his aspires to be; they are confused, slovenly, and inadequate. No doubt such abstract and complicated disputes are hard to exhibit at once in an accurate and a popular summary. But to do so is part of the duty of one who writes of the greatest theological movement the world has ever known.

Besides the merit of the main idea of his work, the great revival and second decline of the Papacy, and the force and distinctness, if we cannot say vividness, with which he keeps before us the real impulses of this revival, its instruments and conditions, and the ultimate causes of its failure—there are two things which Ranke usually does very well. His personal sketches of the Popes are distinct and suggestive. As we have said before, we think them inadequate for his work. He ought to have told us a good deal more at least of many of the number than he has done; and what he gives is often disproportionately full of detail in one place, while the rest of the portrait is left untouched. But as mere sketches, they certainly bring back to our imagination the men whom they represent in a shape which makes us remember them. The procession which passes before us in his pages of old ecclesiastics, with such a family likeness, yet all individually different—fierce or smooth, devout or diplomatic, fanatics or men of the world, public-spirited or self-indulgent, yet all equally bound by inflexible necessities and understandings, absolute in theory but the most helpless of slaves, trying to realize the highest religious pretensions, which only recoiled on them more

and more in the shape of the most undeniable facts of moral and social degeneration and misfortune—is at once a very curious and a very solemn one. The other point in which it appears to us that Ranke is excellent is in the way in which he concentrates a great variety of facts from all kinds of sources, so as to exhibit the course and effect of some great movement or change on a large scale. As an instance, we may mention his astonishing account of the way in which the wave of returning Catholicism swept over Germany after the Council of Trent; the force with which he makes us see that there was a time when Austria, Bavaria, and the Lower Rhine really seemed as strongly and hopelessly Protestant as any other part of Germany, and yet how, in the course of a generation or two, this was entirely and permanently changed. So, again, with the reconquest to Romanism of Poland and Hungary, and the very near reconquest of Sweden. He makes it clear, in general, that this success rested on three chief things—on the activity of the Jesuits in conversion and education, and the extraordinary power of a rigid method in the hands of very ordinary, but resolute men; on the Erastian ideas of the power of governments, developed by the Protestants, and turned by the Catholics against them; and on the strong backing of the Pope and Spain. Only, we repeat, while we read the facts on which Ranke's account rests, we cannot refrain often from a secret doubt as to the foundation or the real explanation of some of them. When he represents Germany in the middle of the sixteenth century as almost wholly Protestant, with not more than a tenth of the population adhering to the old religion, with the old champions of Roman theology dead, and none to take their place, with the nobles and chapters mainly on the side of the Confession of Augsburg, with all the schools and universities in the hands of the Protestants—and when he then goes on to represent all this as in a few years reversed, education falling into the hands of the Jesuit teachers, who were mostly foreigners, and princes and bishops able to prohibit and root out Protestantism with no extraordinary effort—we cannot help asking what the previous estimate of the strength of Protestantism was really worth. We want to know how far the facts cited were typical and characteristic, or exceptional; and to what extent the alleged acceptance of Protestantism was real or apparent, the estimate of men's hopes or fears, of their rhetoric of alarm or triumph, rather than of their knowledge and belief. Ranke's array of facts is striking; but they would have carried more weight if explanation and verification had accompanied them more distinctly.

We can believe that the progress of historical inquiry will alter a good many of Ranke's estimates of men and events. We must own to a sense of insecurity in following his representations, at least in detail. We are often surprised and struck, but we feel that we have not the key. But nothing can alter the value of two features of his work. One is his resolute and pertinacious determination to leave no true side of a subject out of his account. Even if he can only bring in his qualification clumsily, even if the addition of a fact on the other side appears not far from a contradiction of his own conclusion, he never fails to remind his readers of it. The example of an historian who is ready to sacrifice convenience, symmetry, the look of consistency, to the paramount claim of evidence to which he will not shut his eyes, even though he cannot adjust it to his view, is invaluable. The other thing to be noticed is his accumulation of material. Ranke was one of the first who pointed out the vast store of unknown and unsuspected information contained in the State Papers of Venice, and his work is very much based on the judgments formed at the time by the Venetian agents and diplomatists. Since he first wrote, we have learned a good deal about them; but he deserves the credit of having impressed us with their importance. Indeed, his appendix, which contains accounts of a number of these contemporary documents, and not only Venetian ones, and also copious extracts from them, is not the least interesting portion of the book. When we remember what the Popes even of the seventeenth century were in theory and claim, and compare it with what is reported by not unfriendly but sharp-eyed and calm observers at the time, of their ways, their families, and their government, it would not be easy to find elsewhere an instance to match the contrast which thus arises between the ideal and the matter of fact. One part of this contrast is of special interest at this moment, when we are watching the fortunes of the temporal power, and hearing such strong assertions of its sacredness and exceptional rights. In Ranke we read the process of its formation, as to the largest part of it, and also the way in which from the first it was governed. Its growth and formation went on long after the Papacy had come to its senses, and awoke from the wild intoxication or moral insensibility of the Borgias, Rovere, and Medici; and it went on in the ordinary way in which Italian territory, principalities, and cities changed masters. The conquest of Ferrara, the escheat of Urbino, belong not to the days of the unreformed Papacy of Julius II. or Paul III., but to the reformed and decorous Papacy of the next century. It was the reformed Papacy which went on extending its limits as an Italian principality, just by the same means, neither better nor worse, as those used by its neighbours—by legal claims and pretexts enforced by cannon against weak heirs or pretenders. It seems wonderful that even Ultramontanists should not admit that a kingdom won by the sword must take the chances which attend all earthly conquests.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEMS.*

IT is a common error to confound mediocrity and commonplace, as if they were precisely synonymous. Yet there is a very realizable difference between the two. Commonplace, like freshness or originality, or downright falseness, has its grades and proportions. There may be useful and there may be absolutely worthless commonplace, and perhaps mediocrity, too, may be predicated of the same quality. Among the ranks of impassioned poets Mr. Longfellow occupies a very low place indeed, or rather he has no place at all among them. He must be classified with the large band of pleasant versifiers who, without rising to genuine passion or the highest emotion of any kind, are distinguished by a good deal of tender feeling of inferior strength. We miss in his writings anything like a deep or swift current; we find no strong and vehement sense of the great forces at work in human nature as in the outer world. But there is a certain consciousness of the deeper issues of things. Not that Mr. Longfellow ever gets really down among these depths, but he evinces some sense of there being such depths, and this perhaps redeems him from mediocrity in its worst interpretation. For all this, however, he is at bottom emphatically commonplace. He never sees points and issues which could not be seen just as clearly, though perhaps not as gracefully expressed, by men far removed from the lofty heights of genius. The poems which have made him so vast a drawing-room reputation in this country are quite enough to show this. The *Psalm of Life*, for example, never either in general conception or general execution, or in any single stanza or line, emerges above the level of commonplace. Of course everybody has been told a hundred times, in ever so many shapes, that "life is earnest, life is real," and Mr. Longfellow does not put this profoundly commonplace truth in any grandly striking way. But the commonplace is very sound and wholesome, and he sets it in agreeable verse with decently appropriate figures and images. One cannot say quite so much on behalf of *Excelsior*. Here the gist of the poem is not less commonplace than usual, but the setting is a great deal more artificial and unintelligible than usual.

The attenuated little volume which has just appeared contains a dozen or so of pieces that may please the rather weak-headed young ladies who insist that Mr. Longfellow is the most delightful of all possible poets. More cautious persons, in the same way, though not in quite the same direction, will find in the book no reason to think either much better or much worse of the author. It is one of the great advantages of a mind well stocked with commonplace, and of commonplace constitution, that it is free from all violent alternations. It is not liable to violent depressions any more than to splendid exaltations. So we could not expect Mr. Longfellow to fall much below the extremely moderate level to which he usually attains. Take the stanzas from which he has named the little book. They are to a flower:—

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!
Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.
Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.
The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

Then he goes on to talk about the dragon-fly riding resplendent down the sunbeam, which is a sufficiently passable idea, and tilting against the field with steel-blue mail and shield, which strikes us as not being particularly happy. Afterwards he compares his *flower-de-luce* to the Iris, bearing a message from some god, and then to the Muse:—

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

The "artless ditties that come to us as dreams" is a phrase after Mr. Longfellow's pretty and graceful manner. When he is at his best, this is the kind of turn and figure that he produces. The next stanza, which is also the last, shows the poet at his weakest:—

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever
The world more fair and sweet.

Do "river" and "ever" make a fair rhyme? And if they do, could there be a much tinier and weaker sort of ending for a piece of verse than such a stanza as this? We should be inclined to think that in eight albums out of ten a river lingers to kiss the feet of a flower, and the notion about the flower of song making the world fairer and sweeter for ever seems thrown in for no reason to speak of, except just to bring the piece to an end somehow. For this, of course, one owes a certain measure of gratitude. Soon after this there come some verses called "Christmas Bells,"

* *Flower-de-Luce*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Routledge & Sons. 1867.

with no more merit or distinction than belongs to a dozen sets of verses on the same subject in the Christmas numbers of various family and children's periodicals. For example:—

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in the midst of this the poet hears the sound of war in the South, and the voice of bereavement in forlorn homes. This suggests dark and doubtful thoughts to him. Still we know that in modern poetry, at least ever since the poem of "The Two Voices," dark thoughts are invariably put to flight in the next stanza by good thoughts. Mr. Longfellow especially would no more think of letting the dark thoughts have the last word than a novelist would dream of leaving his heroine, at the end of the third volume, married to his villain. Given the stanza of despair, we can predict with certainty the tenor of the stanza that is to follow. Accordingly, the poem winds up very correctly:—

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!"
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

This is sound and wholesome, as we have said of Mr. Longfellow's general character as a poet, only what is there in it? The whole piece is not only commonplace, but it does not even rise above the mediocrity of commonplace, which is something very washy and poor indeed. If anybody should fall into the mood described by the poet, and really believe that "hate is strong, and mocks the song of peace on earth, good-will to men," would he be recovered from it, and restored to a wholesome faith in the right order of things, by such a stanza as that we have just quoted? These moods, if they possess a man at all, possess him deeply; but this is just what Mr. Longfellow does not appreciate or realize. They only seem to enter his mind as states of drawing-room depression, which a single stanza or so very speedily dissipates. If such states are worth talking about at all, surely they ought to be treated with the depth that belongs to them. They are out of the region of commonplace, however, and this is a very good reason why they would be beyond Mr. Longfellow's reach. Little jingles of Wrong failing and Right prevailing are not very potent for a man in a sombre mood, and Mr. Longfellow's verses do not represent the tardiness and curious alternations and shiftings with which the clouds are dispelled.

A still more perfect measure of Mr. Longfellow's capacity may be found in a short piece in the present collection, entitled "Giotto's Tower:—"

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!
In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone—
A vision, a delight, and a desire—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

The idea is very pretty; the language is graceful, as usual. One or two of the lines are exceptionally good. For instance, "That in the night of ages bloomed alone" is exceedingly graceful. But let us think what the idea comes to, after all, and we find it is of the most ordinary stamp. The comparison of a sweet and beautiful life, yet with a lack of some one needful adornment, to Giotto's Tower, is tolerably happy; but then a poet of the genius which Mr. Longfellow's admirers frequently ascribe to him would have infused numberless delicacies and unseen subtleties and analogies into the simile. As it is, there is the simile and no more—just as in the "Flower-de-Luce," and the comparison in the last two lines to the flower of song. There is no close and rich interweaving. Simplicity is carried too far, because there is beneath the simplicity of form no hidden depth of meaning. The best piece is that which follows "Giotto's Tower," and is headed "To-morrow." As it is short, we may quote it:—

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep;
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."

Even here one does not see anything much above the Tupperian level in point of thought, though it is needless to say that the little picture in the opening lines, and the versification also, though

not really vigorous, are both things a long way above the head of the author of the *Proverbial Philosophy*. It is always well to remember that such a little bit of graceful commonplace as "To-morrow" gives a great deal of pleasure to simple souls on whom any depth or passion would be thrown away. It certainly can do them no harm, except perhaps in making them a little conceited about the supposed profundity and intenseness and acuteness of their sensibilities. A versifier who can thus gratify numbers of blameless persons, and fill them with mild and comforting sensations of goodness, has a right to be satisfied with his work. There are worse tasks than this of putting the most creditable surface emotions of commonplace people into a shape in which they can be recognised in a rather glorified condition by those whom they affect. This is just what Mr. Longfellow does. A man or a woman with mildish thinking power often reflects that the morrow is a mystery, and conceals unseen and unknown things within its bosom. Such persons are pleased, and feel what, without any scoffing, one may venture to call holier, on seeing this record prettily set forth in verse. It encourages them in pursuing more and more diligently a similarly blameless and mildly meditative state of mind. Only it is not desirable that too many poets should be seduced, by love of drawing-room popularity, into catering for this taste. Milk is suitable for babes, but grown-up people require stronger meat.

L'AFFAIRE LEROUGE.*

THE opening chapters of *L'Affaire Lerouge* forcibly remind us of that famous bit of deductive evidence in Poe's story of the *Murders of the Rue Morgue*. Two days after Mardi Gras, a woman called la veuve Lerouge is found murdered in her lonely cottage in the little hamlet of La Jonchère. She was a hearty, loose-living, well-preserved woman of fifty-five or so, in good circumstances, but not well looked on by her neighbours for her free talk which did not respect even the modesty of the young, and for her nightly habit of intoxication. Though gossiping as well as slanderous, she had been profoundly secret concerning herself and her antecedents; all that was known was that she had lived among seafaring people, that she was the widow of a sailor, and the mother of a son. Four or five times during her two years' sojourn at La Jonchère, a lady, accompanied by a young man, had visited her; and once an elderly gentleman, *decoré*, and likewise accompanied by a young man. These last came in a grand carriage. Also, there had been seen leaving her cottage at various times a young man who looked like an official on the railway, and an older and taller man, in a grey blouse, and with a bad countenance; both supposed to have been her lovers. When the police enter her cottage on the requisition of her neighbours, who had not seen her for two days, she is found lying face downwards among the ashes of the fireplace, stabbed twice between the shoulders. She had been dead about thirty-six hours; which brings the hour of the murder to the evening of the Mardi Gras. The place is all in confusion—drawers, wardrobes, chests, the very pailasse of the bed opened and searched, and their contents scattered about the cottage; and the silver and trinkets which she was known to have possessed are missing. The case is given into the hands of the local *chef de police*, one Gérol, and the magistrate to watch it is M. Daburon. Gérol's hypothesis is that she has been murdered by her lover, the big, bad-looking man in the blouse, and that it was a case of love-making, and subsequent assassination for the sake of her little store. His calculations are somewhat upset by the discovery of a sum of money in gold left behind in a drawer, but he explains this away by oversight or sudden panic; for, if not robbery, where are the jewels and the silver? By clever questioning, he discovers that a man with earrings, and dressed like a sailor, had been seen leaving her cottage early on the morning of Quinquagesima Sunday—a man elderly, short, stout, and therefore not the big blouse; but whom, failing the blouse, Gérol sets down as the murderer. He puts himself on his traces, with very little clue—only the name of the captain of a vessel to whom this man with the earrings sent a message; and on this slender basis he goes at once to work.

But now comes in le père Tabaret—generally called Tiraclair, from a favourite phrase of his—a secret detective for love of the sport, with a scent as keen as a bloodhound's, to whom the tracking of a criminal is an art, a science, and who builds up his hypothesis on the most precise and mathematical laws of human action. He has the eyes of a hawk, and a brain as sharp as his sight. When he enters the cottage, he goes about like a dog searching for the scent; soon he asks for paper and a pencil, then for plaster, water, and a bottle of oil. In a short time he returns, discoveries and hypothesis complete. At half-past nine on the evening of the Mardi Gras there had been a heavy shower; as there are no traces of mud on the floor, and as there is a little road-dust under the table where the assassin sat, he arrived before half-past nine. La veuve Lerouge had expected no one, therefore he was not the lover. She was already half undressed when the knock came to the outside shutter of the window (not the door), and it was the knock of one to whom she was accustomed, for she did not delay even to put on her gown again, but flung an old shawl about her shoulders, and opened. She was just winding up the clock, had indeed drawn the cord a little way, when interrupted. The clock was one which went only fourteen

hours, and it had stopped at five the next morning. Besides, there was a chair placed beneath it, and the mark of a foot on the chair. The assassin was a young man, well dressed, and above the middle height; he wore a high hat, carried an umbrella, and smoked a cigar with a mouthpiece. In the garden, the print of a man's boot, with high heels, arched instep, small and narrow sole, the boot of an *élégant*, proved the general attire. He had leapt across a newly planted bed, alighting on the point of his foot, therefore he was active and young. The upper drawers of the wardrobe had been rifled without the aid of chair or footstool, therefore he was tall. He had placed his hat on a dusty marble slab, and the crown had left a clean mark; his umbrella had been thrust into a clod of earth, which showed distinctly the impress of the ferule and the leather round the top; and among the ashes is the end of a cigar which had been neither moistened nor bitten, and which had therefore been smoked by a mouthpiece. He was an honoured guest, for whom had been brought out the best table linen and the cut-glass goblet; and the widow was in the act of cooking ham and eggs for his supper when he struck her as she bent before him, stabbing her between the shoulders with the end of a foil newly sharpened, as shown by the mark on her gown where he had wiped off the blood. He wore grey kid gloves, which he had not taken off, for there were small fragments of grey kid under the woman's nails, evidently torn off in her struggle. These were the discoveries of le père Tabaret; whence his conclusion that it was neither for money nor for jealousy, nor yet on a sudden quarrel, that the murder was committed, but that it was to secure papers of importance, which had been found, and burnt. In proof whereof he shows ashes and fragments of burnt paper gathered up from the hearth. As for the silver and trinkets, he asserts that they will be found, most probably in the river. They were taken merely to give the affair the semblance of a robbery. In a short time this prediction is fulfilled, and searchers bring in a bundle fished out of the river, with all the murdered woman's missing goods. Thus far le père Tiraclair's hypothesis fits well, and the murder is lifted out of the rank of a vulgar crime into a dramatic mystery. All this is in the spirit and style of Edgar Poe, and is most admirably done.

Le père Tabaret has two intimate friends, Madame Gerdy and her son Noël. Noël is an avocat, a young man of irreproachable character, clear intelligence, grand and noble address; he is the secret detective's favourite friend, whom he has left his heir by will; and Madame Gerdy has only escaped being asked to become Madame Tabaret by the fear the old man has of losing his evenings with her and Noël, should she refuse him. After this expedition to La Jonchère he goes to his friends', where he finds Noël strangely troubled and Madame dangerously ill—she had swooned on reading the announcement of the murder of la veuve Lerouge—and Noël speaks of her with noticeable coolness as Madame Gerdy, and not *ma mère*, as usual. After a time he confides in Tabaret. Quite lately he discovered certain letters which told him two things—the one, that he was the son of M. le Comte de Commarin; the other, that he was not the son of Madame Gerdy at all, but of Madame la Comtesse, now dead. Madame Gerdy had been M. de Commarin's mistress both before and after his marriage, and it had been his will to have the children changed at nurse, so that he might bring up as his heir the son of his beloved Valérie, while leaving to a lower state the son of his unloved wife. And Claudine Lerouge was the woman entrusted with the secret, and who had effected the change. He shows Tabaret the letters, and bitterly deplores the untimely murder which thus deprives him of his most important witness, for Madame Gerdy, he says, would deny the fact, not to bring trouble on the man she had loved so devotedly, though he had cruelly cast her off. But then he had been deceived by misrepresentations and false appearances. Thus the motive for the murder is somewhat narrowed, and clearly Noël Gerdy is the greatest loser. He is a handsome young fellow, with bright eyes, a little too bright perhaps, living a model life of study and prudence; and that he is overwhelmed with debt and in the hands of the money-lenders, that he has a little mistress whom he keeps in princely style, and that he visits her at night, getting out by a shed in the garden, and not asking for the cordon like any other lodger, are secrets known only to himself. But he is not happy in his love, for Madame Juliette hates him, in that he will not compromise himself with her publicly, but keeps her *en cachette* as much as possible. Has he not his rôle of the virtuous young avocat to maintain?

The next step is a scene between the Viscount Albert de Commarin and his father, the Count. Noël has been to his half-brother, has shown him the letters, and has appealed to his sense of honour and justice. Albert has both virtues, and insists on giving up his false heirship; but the old nobleman, who is of the tiger kind, gets furiously angry, and forbids such highflown folly; he has been the Viscount Albert de Commarin since his infancy, and he shall die Count de Commarin, come what may. Albert is ordered to his room, there to await his father's pleasure.

One important element in the story consists in the love which M. Daburon, the magistrate, has for Mademoiselle Claire d'Arlanger; but as Claire loves Albert de Commarin, and he loves her, she refuses M. Daburon, and resolves to be true to her faith, though the tigerish old father will not give his consent to the marriage, because the D'Arlanger family is *en décadence*, and he is ambitious for his son. When le père Tiraclair, in his capacity of secret detective, goes to M. Daburon's office, and there relates what Noël has confided to him, but one conclusion can be come

* *L'Affaire Lerouge*. Par Émile Gaboriau. Paris: E. Dentu.

to—the Viscount Albert de Commarin is the murderer of Claudine Lerouge. He and his father alone are interested in her death; but as the murderer was a young man, and not an old one, it is Albert, and not M. le Comte. Albert is arrested, and his apartment is searched by the police. They find an overcoat and a pair of trousers wet, muddy, and torn; they find a pair of grey kid gloves, scratched and torn; an umbrella, the ferule of which corresponds with the model of the impression taken in plaster by Tiraclair, and a foil with the sharp end broken off; and they learn that the Viscount had left the hotel early in the evening of the Mardi Gras, and had not returned until two o'clock in the morning. Before going, he had written a letter and received an answer, which he had burnt; and he had been heard to say, "Elle ne saurait résister." When arrested, he exclaims, "Perdu!" and other significant expressions, bearing upon some great perplexity and mental trouble, are detailed to M. Daburon. Now begins the terrible struggle of the upright judge. He loves Claire better than his life, and for her sake would gladly find Albert de Commarin innocent; but, for the chance of the future for himself, would more gladly find him guilty. As the examination of the accused proceeds, this comparatively negative state gradually becomes one of active hatred and suspicion translated into certainty. The chain of circumstantial evidence is complete, and Albert, though always declaring his innocence, refuses to say where he was on the evening of the Mardi Gras. He cannot, or will not, establish an *alibi*. But this refusal, which confirms M. Daburon's belief of his guilt, assures le père Tiraclair of his innocence. So clever a schemer as the murderer of the widow Lerouge, he says, would have been provided with an *alibi*, a well-sounding plausible *alibi*. Hence, sure of the young man's guiltlessness, he constitutes himself his partisan, and tries to undo the mischief he has caused. But M. Daburon is as impassioned on the other side, and Albert's fate seems very doubtful. While all this goes on, Noël Gerdy is recognised by M. le Comte de Commarin, and acknowledged as his legitimate son. The young avocat behaves in the most perfect manner—words, manner, sentiments, all are really heroic; but M. le Comte does not like him. He cannot but admire him, yet he neither trusts nor loves him. Albert he had always loved, but this faultless Noël somehow does not please him. That want of a substantial *alibi* is still the worst thing against Albert, when Claire d'Arlander comes courageously forward. Heedless of the social shame belonging to her confession, she says that Albert had passed that whole evening of the Mardi Gras in the garden with her. He arrived before the rain began, but when the rain came they sat under his umbrella, like Paul and Virginia. She has no proofs of what she says, but the detectives visit the garden and ascertain, by certain marks there, that a man had scaled the garden wall before the rain, and repassed it afterwards; that he had torn his coat and trousers and pearl-grey gloves on the broken glass at the top, leaving fragments on the points. Albert, therefore, is not the murderer; who then is it? Gérol, always looking for the man with earrings, now brings him in. He is the husband of the murdered woman, who had separated from her because of her vicious life, but who was forced to visit her to obtain her signature to the marriage of their son. He tells his story, which clears up everything. He had known of the intended exchange of the children, and at night, when Claudine and the other nurse were about to shuffle their live cards, he makes a great outcry, prevents the exchange, and scores the arm of (thus marking for life) the son of Valérie Madame Gerdy, so as to render another such attempt impossible. The children were not exchanged, and Noël bears the mark which proves him Madame Gerdy's illegitimate son. Madame Gerdy and Claudine Lerouge both know that he is what he appears to be—the son of the mistress; and that Albert is what his father does not believe him to be—the son of the wife, and the lawful heir. It is a double trick, and M. le Comte is the one deceived. Then the whole thing reveals itself. Noël found the letters which assumed him to be the legitimate son unjustly deprived of his rights, only to be told that they were worthless, and based on a mistake. The sole witnesses who could break down his claim, if made, and prove the true identity of the young men, are his mother and la veuve Lerouge. It is not quite clear whether he used foul play to the one, but he murdered the other, knowing nothing of the man with the earrings. His *alibi* was to have been that he had taken his mistress to the theatre; but she, when interrogated by Tiraclair, who at first sees in her only a little wretch who is ruining his beloved Noël, poutingly puts forth, as an instance of his general ill-treatment, that he had taken her to the theatre on the evening of the Mardi Gras, but that he had left her almost immediately, and had not returned. When the police break into the room where Noël is with Juliette, he shoots himself, keeping just breath enough to say with a sneer, "Eh bien! vieux papa, on se méfie donc de police! C'est agréable de pincer soi-même ses amis! Ah! j'ai eu une belle partie, mais avec trois femmes dans son jeu on perd toujours!"

The story is well told, and is full of those fine and delicate touches, those epigrammatic sentences and incisive phrases, so peculiarly French; the ingenuity of the evidence is very clever, and the analysis of character and motive subtle and true. It is not ghastly and immoral like Germinie Lacerteux, and some others of late production, but it is neat, careful, well sustained, and interesting; and, if criminal, is also decent.

POLYNESIAN REMINISCENCES.*

THIS book is a compilation, as we are told, from certain voluminous papers and notes collected by Mr. W. J. Pritchard. The compiler is Dr. Seeman, who not long ago published an interesting account of the English mission to the Fiji Islands. Mr. Pritchard is the son of the English Consul at Tahiti, whose treatment by the French in the days of Louis Philippe is becoming an old and not a very interesting story. Mr. Pritchard, the son, has passed so many years in the South Seas as almost to become an islander himself. He knows their traditions, talks their languages, has fought in their battles, changing sides occasionally to prove his impartiality; and, as British Consul at Fiji, has been for years a universal arbitrator, judge, and even legislator. Although a man who has passed his life in wandering, "on from island to island in the gateways of the day," is apt to find literature rather difficult, he can at least supply materials for more experienced writers. Dr. Seeman vouches for the fact that Mr. Pritchard's pages are "among the most trustworthy and valuable that have as yet issued from the London press," and he requests that all deficiencies may be put down to his own account. It is an advantage of the compilation form of work that the two partners may thus combine modesty with something like the puff direct. We shall only say, without settling the principle upon which praise and blame are to be apportioned, that on the whole the result is a really interesting book. We must confess, however, that the compiler in London, or the author, who it seems is in Mexico, might have spared us many pages with advantage. We may particularly mention some very tedious disputes between Maufu and Wainigolo and Thakombau, and a variety of savages whose names it is next to impossible to fix in one's mind. Surely we have enough matter for political reflection at the present day in Europe, America, Asia, and a few other regions, without unravelling the tangled web of Fijian intrigue, and deciding who is most likely to eat who, and why. Whether Tongans are about to cook Fijians in the interest of Wesleyanism, or Fijians to cook Tongans in honour of the Pope, may well remain for us an inscrutable problem. We do not even care what are the rights of the quarrel between Tiu Thakau, Ratu Goela, and Ratu Kiula. In short, we should draw the proverbial line, so far as politics are concerned, decidedly above cannibals, and, we should say, above those whom cannibals eat. This superfluous information may be easily skipped, but we quarrel rather more with certain omissions. Thus, for example, a mapless book of travels is always a weariness to the flesh. In place of maps, the work is "illustrated" with certain hideous portraits of the natives. They appear to be in that stage of civilization when the savage, first making acquaintance with a shirt, has lost all the gracefulness of a wild animal, and none of its filth. From the expression of countenance of the group in the frontispiece, we should guess that they regarded the photographic machine as a new cooking apparatus imported by cannibal whites, and were expecting to be made into sausages for exportation. In the place of these portraits of dowdy natives we had rather have a map or two, and the tedious history of native intrigue might be replaced by a little statistical information, if any is to be got.

Having said thus much in criticism of Mr. Pritchard's book, we are happy to add that a good deal of it is curious, and that it is not unmercifully long. The book partakes of the character of a description and a narrative, and the two elements are rather awkwardly mixed; but it is for the most part lively, and occasionally vivid. Mr. Pritchard, as a consul in foreign parts, has necessarily a grievance against the Foreign Office, which seems to have regarded the South Seas generally as a mistake of nature. He never bores us, however, with his grievance, whatever it may be, but gossips away at a great rate about everything that comes into his head, just as it comes there. He relates with amusing complacency his success in dealing with the natives; how he circumvents them by cunning applications of their own customs, or throws them off their guard by sudden attacks, or shows them by actual example how to fight. We should say that Mr. Pritchard would be an amusing companion on a homeward-bound ship from Fiji, especially as we should then be able to check him when he dilated too freely upon the policy and prospects of Thakombau.

His lively talk throws a good deal of light, rather incidentally than directly, upon a curious and evidently vanishing state of society. Its main elements seem to be three; the natives, the missionaries, and the European vagrants. These last represent probably the lowest stage to which the prodigal son of Europe can decline. Somewhere on the road which leads to the proverbial position of billiard-marker, a sort of byway turns off to the diggings. And what the diggings are to Europe the South Sea Islands apparently are to the diggings. The surplus population which drifts to them is that which has quite given up civilization, except as represented by brandy. To acquire this product, the settlers manage to collect and sell a certain quantity of oil. They generally drink, we find, according to the system known as "tapering off;" that is to say, they buy a hogshead of brandy and drink steadily, always filling the vacuum with water. By this means they are gradually let down from the fierce rapture of drunkenness to the finest shades of scarcely affected sobriety, and, as they believe, avoid *delirium tremens*. They become rulers and sometimes

preachers among the natives; in the words of Bon Gaultier, each of them

Takes some savage woman, nay he takes at least a dozen—

and lives a life of hoggish enjoyment. Thus nine convicts, who managed to murder the crew which was taking them to Norfolk Island, landed at a place called Savaii. Here they took to murdering each other when drunk and quarrelsome—refraining, we presume, when drunk and sleepy. The chief survivor was one "Irish Tom," who became universal bully in the island. He took away any women he chose, knocked down with a club every native who disagreed with him, and, in fact, enjoyed that kind of existence which may be supposed to be the ideal of an escaped convict. At last he became so insupportable that four natives crept up behind him and dashed out his brains with a simultaneous blow of their clubs. Some worthies of similar character hit upon the device of starting a new religion, which had for a time a very great run in Samoa. Its principal tenets were, that they were the priests of the Great Spirit, and that the most acceptable worship of the Great Spirit consisted in taking care of the wants of his priests. This creed appears to have suited Samoan notions very fairly, and "Big-legged Jimmy," its chief apostle, frequently boasted of his performances to Mr. Pritchard, "until one day I happened to remark upon the awful profanity and sacrilege of the thing." This, it seems, had never struck "Big-legged Jimmy" before, and from that time he could never be got to talk about it.

The genuine preachers, who are partly Wesleyan and partly Roman Catholic, are, as Mr. Pritchard assures us, a great blessing to the country, and may to some extent counteract the poison introduced by the "Big-legged Jimmy" school. The details into which he enters scarcely tend to confirm any high estimate of their powers. The Wesleyan missionaries, if Mr. Pritchard's account may be trusted, combine Christianity with a fine eye to profit. There is particularly a Mr. Binner, who appears at intervals throughout his volume in connection with transactions about oil, or fishing, or sales of land; he seems to be the leading man of business, as well as the most eminent missionary, in Fiji. Another peculiarity of these gentlemen upon which Mr. Pritchard remarks is that they run away from their congregations whenever there is any risk of a fight—in order, as they put it, to keep out of the native quarrels. These habits, which are scarcely suggestive of an heroic type of character, are probably due in some degree to the fact that the Wesleyan missionaries are generally married. As the South-Sea islanders look upon celibacy with special disfavour, the Wesleyans perhaps gain on the whole by a conduct which seems at first sight unbecoming to the missionary character. We are told, however, of one great dispute where a tribe, having been deserted by its Wesleyan teacher on the eve of an expected battle, went over in a body to the Roman Catholics. As a rule, the distinction between Roman Catholic and Protestant in those islands can merely rest upon personal grounds. It is a very convenient addition to the list of reasons which may justify one tribe in killing and occasionally dining upon its neighbours; and we accordingly find that Fiji is still in a period of religious wars. Thus the great warrior, Maafu, is the Mahomet of Wesleyanism. On one occasion he invited a party of thirty heathens to meet him in church, one Sunday morning, for a discussion. As soon as he got them together he proceeded to tie them hand to hand, and, after putting out their eyes, chopped off each man's head in succession. It would be unfair to charge Wesleyans or Roman Catholics with the acts of such enthusiastic supporters, whose zeal is doubtless irrepressible; for Mr. Pritchard's accounts show how thin is the veneering of Christianity which the natives have been able to receive. He tells us a number of the legends which are still current among them, although gradually dying out under missionary training. Amongst others are stories which, as he puts it, describe the fate of the "souls" of the natives; but nothing can be plainer than that they imply no real belief in a soul at all. The native is represented as finding his way after death to a certain lofty mountain inhabited by a benevolent God. On the way, various other gods of a spiteful temper lie in wait, endeavouring to dash out the brains of the "soul," or to strangle him, in which case he comes to a final end. It is difficult for us to speak of an existence beyond the grave without some belief in a spirit; but it is plain enough, from this and similar stories, that the native belief is in a purely material soul, which has all the wants and passions of the body, and is liable to be killed and eaten as it was in this life. When the missionary comes and talks to the native, each of them applies the terms of the other in his own sense; the missionary is pleased to recognise the deceitful resemblance of native ideas to his own doctrines, and the savage is willing to make room for a few more stories in his elastic mythology. But it is plain that the same language may represent entirely different thoughts in minds at such different stages of civilization. Thus we find that, alongside of a profession of Christianity, many of the grossest of the old superstitions and customs may survive. Cannibalism seems to be still so common, that it is mentioned as a distinctive peculiarity of one village that it will only eat human flesh on compulsion. Certain more powerful neighbours occasionally send them down a leg or an arm to eat, to keep up the principle. The Fijians still respect the constitutional maxim that "castaways are sent by the gods to feed the chiefs." The power of modern castaways, rather than the improved manners of the natives, has led in this case to some compromise of

principle. Doubtless the missionaries will by degrees eradicate such superstitions; but the question occurs—to which Mr. Pritchard gives no answer—Will not the natives be first eradicated themselves?

MUGBY JUNCTION.*

MR. DICKENS'S Annual is not so good this year as usual, and two or three of the pieces which are the work of his coadjutors must be set down as positively worthless in a literary point of view. The part contributed by himself, like everything he writes, is worth reading, but is distinctly below the average of his Christmas stories. Mr. Dickens, in many respects, seems to have been designed by Providence to be a Christmas writer. The season suits him. Like most considerable humorists, he is fond of placing his characters in strong light or strong shadow; and he knows, and can reproduce, the sentimental and scenic effect of every light that can be conceived. His method of working up a literary picture is constant, and has been now so unceasingly imitated by a clique of inferior copyists, that it has lost the charm of freshness. The greatest English sentimentalists have often been accustomed to put forward the characters and the situation in the first position of prominence, and let them produce, so to speak, their own surrounding atmosphere. Upon the other hand, the writers of a powerful French school have been in the habit of working on a different system, and of deepening the impression to be created by telling their tale in a scenic way. Mr. Dickens, if we may coin a word for him, is emphatically a scenicist. Before he brings a hero or heroine into a room, he takes care to get the room ready. The chairs and tables begin to assume an air of congenial mirth or gloom, the fire brightens or goes out, the fire-irons wear the exact degree of polish that is expressive of precise sympathy with the coming narrative, the kettle sings, and before five minutes are over Mr. Dickens has the room and the furniture in a glow, and all joining in concert in the exact key fitted to his purpose. The consequence of this turn for the scenic is that Mr. Dickens invariably appears to be writing by some sort of quaint light. Sometimes it is sunlight, and then Mr. Dickens is very pleasant and cheery. Sometimes it is by the doubtful glimmer of a windy and rainy night. Sometimes it seems to be by glaring gaslight, and then he is garish and less agreeable, though not indeed less potent. And there are chapters in every one of his books, and one season especially in every year, when he summons up all his geniality and pathos and writes by firelight. There is a kind of fun and joviality of which he is the inventor, which easily becomes tiresome, and in the hands of his disciples nauseous. It is possible, after a short time, to grow weary of the contemplation of happy snobs; and happy snobs in his brighter moments Mr. Dickens is for ever drawing. Though the subject of the domestic delights of clerks in the city is easily converted into a mere medium of caricature and vulgarity, this kindly point of view from which he uniformly composes has a good and elevating influence. And when one reflects how authors of far less power are in the habit of prostituting their pens with no apparent object except that of ministering to a diseased novel-reading taste among weak-minded young men or women, it is no slight praise to be able to say that Mr. Dickens, with all his Quixotism, and mannerism, and half a dozen other isms which might be enumerated, has used his unquestionable genius to teach invariably the same lesson of charity, humanity, and kindness. It is much to be regretted that, instead of wasting his labour on fragmentary compilations like *Mugby Junction*, he does not spend some effort once a year on a finished Christmas story. But Mr. Dickens at his worst—and in *Mugby Junction* he is nearly at his worst—is still *par excellence* a Christmas writer, and must be viewed, we suppose, accordingly, in these little papers, with something of the amiability that is the proper tribute to the season.

When, upon taking up *Mugby Junction*, the reader perceives that it opens with a chapter entitled "Barbox Brothers," he will not be at a loss, considering Mr. Dickens's habits, to foreshadow to himself something of the sketch that is to follow. "Barbox Brothers," in the first place, must be a firm, and an old respectable and dusty firm is a favourite topic with Mr. Dickens. The contrast between rigid high-backed chairs, uncomfortable desks, wooden rulers, ledgers, waste-books, and cash-boxes on the one side, and repressed and half-chilled, but still living, human sympathies on the other, is a contrast of which he is fond. And as *Mugby Junction* is a Christmas collection, one can predict the line that it will take. There will be somebody of course—probably a senior partner—whose heart has been as completely hardened to the world by his connection with "Barbox Brothers," as Mr. Dombey's heart was hardened by being "Dombey and Son" in his own person. And the obvious subject of the narrative can only be the way the senior partner's iron heart is softened, and how "Barbox Brothers" becomes once more a man instead of a name. Anybody who knows Mr. Dickens can further guess how the emollient process will be effected. "Barbox Brothers" will come across a little girl, or a little boy, or a rosy-cheeked young woman who is on the eve of being married, or a happy Christmas family of junior clerks, or even of costermongers, or perhaps a shiny, hard-working, good-tempered tinman. The spectacle will put "Barbox Brothers" to rights again. He will settle down somewhere, spend his money in

Mugby Junction. The Extra Christmas Number of "All the Year Round." London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.

making the tinman's little children happy, and the lesson which "Barbox Brothers" is meant to inculcate will have been taught. Such would be a rough *à priori* outline of what we should expect from "Barbox Brothers." And even if we only got what we expected, the gift would, on the whole, be worth having. However trite the text, however slight the story, however old the sermon, there is a flavour of philanthropy about it which would go far to cover, if not to conceal, many literary defects.

The plot of Barbox Brothers is not of course identical with the plot sketched out as above by the instinctive presentiments of the reader, but is sufficiently like it. Barbox Brothers in reality is a gentleman of the name of Jackson, who, like all members of Mr. Dickens's large firms, is weary of business and himself. The instrument of the moral reusucitation is not a tinman, but a railway lampman, the lampman's deformed daughter whom he sees in the lampman's cottage, and a little girl, the daughter of a lady Barbox Brothers once loved, whom he meets in the streets of a manufacturing town. And Barbox Brothers opens the tale by descending casually from his first-class carriage at Mugby Junction, with no particular object, at half-past three o'clock in a windy and stormy morning. The wind and rain and the gloom and dreary vitality of the station at this hour of the night are a picture in which Mr. Dickens necessarily reveals:—

"Stand clear, sir, if you please. One. Two. Right!"
Lamp waved. Signal lights ahead already changing. Shriek from engine. Train gone.

"Mugby Junction!" said the traveller, pulling up the woollen muffler round his throat with both hands. "At past three o'clock of a tempestuous morning! So!"

A place replete with shadowy shapes, this Mugby Junction in the black hours of the four-and-twenty. Mysterious goods trains, covered with palls and gliding on like vast weird funerals, conveying themselves guiltily away from the presence of the few lighted lamps, as if their freight had come to a secret and unlawful end. Half miles of coal pursuing in a Detective manner, following when they lead, stopping when they stop, backing when they back. Red hot embers showering out upon the ground, down this dark avenue, and down the other, as if torturing fires were being raked clear; concurrently, shrieks and groans and grinds invading the ear, as if the tortured were at the height of their suffering. Iron-barred cages full of cattle jangling by midway, the drooping beasts with horns entangled, eyes frozen with terror, and mouths too; at least they have long icicles (or what seem so) hanging from their lips. Unknown languages in the air, conspiring in red, green, and white characters. An earthquake accompanied with thunder and lightning, going up express to London. Now, all quiet, all rusty, wind and rain in possession, lamps extinguished, Mugby Junction dead and indistinct, with its robe drawn over its head, like Caesar.

This sort of literary feticism—the investing of a railway station, its attendant trucks and signal-boxes, with a mysterious covering of sentiment and life, till at last it grows into a kind of weird human being—is Mr. Dickens all over. There is no doubt something of a trick about it, a want of absolute simplicity, which lessens its artistic merit. Instead of saying plainly that at such a time the railway station looks as if it were an animate, instead of an inanimate object, Mr. Dickens seizes on the idea, fosters it, makes the most of it, dresses it up, and talks to himself and his readers as if the idea were true. We have pointed out a hundred times the faults in this method—its artificiality, its tendency to degenerate into triviality and childishness, and the inherent exaggeration in it which, like all exaggeration, is necessarily a mark of imperfect art. But, granting that the thing is worth doing, Mr. Dickens must be admitted to do it both effectively and well. The only thing to be said is that he has now done it a little often.

The lampman's little room at the station, his cottage near it, the decrepit daughter with her beautiful face, to whom the children of the neighbourhood sing the multiplication table, and for whom the lampman occupies himself in leisure moments in composing comic songs, come in the same way from a pen that cannot be mistaken. And there are little touches of pathos in the description, which have nothing new about them, yet which are kindly and excellent. One of Mr. Dickens's fortes, as we have said, lies in small flashes of feeling which make all the world "kin." The wit and fun of the book is reserved for a humorous chapter, called "The Boy at Mugby," which is devoted to a dramatic description of the dreariness and bad fare of an English refreshment-room:—

I am the Boy at what is called The Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction, and what's proudest boast is that it never yet refreshed a mortal being.

Up in a corner of the Down Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction, in the height of twenty-seven cross draughts (I've often counted 'em while they brush the First Class hair twenty-seven ways), behind the bottles, among the glasses, bounded on the north-west by the beer, stood pretty far to the right of a metallic object that's at times the tea-urn and at times the soup-tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents which are the same groundwork, fended off from the traveller by a barrier of stale sponge-cakes erected atop of the counter, and lastly exposed sideways to the glare of Our Missis's eye—you ask a Boy so situated, next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby, for anything to drink; you take particular notice that he'll try to seem not to hear you, that he'll appear in an absent manner to survey the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body, and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That's Me.

The picture of the bandolining-room where Our Missis and the young ladies of the refreshment-room "bandolines their hair"—of Mrs. Sniff who is "the one as you'll notice to be always looking another way from you, when you look at her," and who carries to perfection the art of "smoothing her cuffs and looking another way" when the public is in a hurry—is a sketch from nature which may be justified by a visit to any refreshment-room in England:—

When Our Missis went away upon her journey, Mrs. Sniff was left in charge. She did hold the public in check most beautiful! In all my time, I never see half so many cups of tea given without milk to people as wanted it with, nor half so many cups of tea with milk to people as wanted it without. When foaming ensued, Mrs. Sniff would say, "Then you'd better settle among yourselves, and change with one another." It was a most highly delicious lark. I enjoyed the Refreshmenting business more than ever, and was so glad I had took to it when young.

On the whole, the refreshment-rooms at railway stations are a better subject for Mr. Dickens than the Court of Chancery, and we can only wish him success in his crusade against the "bandolining" young ladies. The remainder of *Mugby Junction*, which is of separate handywork—with the exception of the "Engine Driver," by Mr. Andrew Halliday—is poor, though harmless. We are sorry to have to say this, for two out of the four coadjutors are feminine hands. Next year we hope that they and Mr. Charles Collins may do something more worthy of themselves.

WATSON THE SCULPTOR.*

WE hope that this handsome and well-illustrated book will serve to make the name of one of our best sculptors more familiar than it has hitherto been to his countrymen. Watson—already known to those who care for soundness and honesty in an art where soundness and honesty are exceptional—has now a chance of being remembered and honoured among many by whom his scanty works, mostly hidden in two or three country towns, must necessarily be unseen. He has fared better in his biography than some of his more celebrated contemporaries in painting. Dr. Lonsdale writes generally in a plain-spoken North-country manner, although he has fallen here and there into an over-scientific phraseology which is not nearly so perspicuous as his native Doric, and might be amended with advantage in a second edition. There are also a few of those divergent criticisms to which biographers are prone. These, however, are matters of very minor importance when a labour of love has been undertaken with so much spirit, and so manifest a desire to set an honest portrait of the man before us. "British Biography, bless its mealy mouth!" exclaims Mr. Carlyle, in his essay on Walter Scott, when justly praising a writer who did not mind telling truths which might annoy Somebody's second cousin, or even Somebody himself. Mr. Carlyle had good ground for his exclamation. The reader's head aches and sickens, like a visitor's at the Royal Academy in May, before the gaudy colours and rich varnish of biographies in general. Dr. Lonsdale is entitled to the same praise as Mr. Lockhart for speaking out; and this virtue, always refreshing to the unsophisticated mind, is doubly so when exercised upon sculpture in England during the nineteenth century, than which we know no subject which stands more in need of an honest and discriminating historian.

Watson was born in 1804, in an old farmhouse within the beautiful vale of Sebergham, near Carlisle. His family had long ranked among the "statesmen" or small independent farmers of Cumbria, a sound and sturdy class to whose merits Wordsworth has borne frequent testimony. Though small in stature and frail in health, the boy inherited the virtues of the race, including a full share in its invincible persistency. The gift for design showed itself early; the disposition towards poetry and imagination was innate; and a good classical education at Raughton Head School confirmed Watson, as events soon showed, in a secret determination to devote himself to art. He was divided at first between the choice of painting or of modelling—a hesitation which has been exhibited by several of the greatest European sculptors. Watson's boyish announcement of his purpose met with the usual opposition. Some years were wasted in a lawyer's office; but the native persistency had its way, and in 1824, relying on what he felt moving within him, he migrated to London, and at once went to the great Flaxman, who gave him advice and encouragement. Watson appears to have studied mainly by himself, not finding the Academy school to his taste; and he is stated to have received assistance from Mr. Woodington, to whom the Life owes so characteristic an incident of Watson's energy that we hope he may be willing to favour the world with more anecdotes of his distinguished fellow-pupil.

Watson went to Italy in 1825, and passed two years at Rome. Rome, as a place of study, has been the bane of many artists. Between the "Bohemian" life sketched in Thackeray's *Newcomes* on one hand, and the fashionable life of English residents on the other, the hard study and seriousness of purpose essential to real success in painting and sculpture melt away. Hence our Anglo-Roman ateliers are too often exhibitions of weak picturesqueness or of showy commonplace; qualities which, however, have always their attraction for the idle, the ignorant, and the wealthy, as they lounge through the studio of the celebrated Mr. So-and-So, and lip that Rome would be delightful for the winter if it were not for having to "do the lions." But all artists (notably the French and the German) do not yield to these easy temptations. Watson's nature was of this sterner stuff; he kept away from the smart set and from the slang set alike; devoted himself to "plain living and high thinking," studied hard in art and literature, and returned in 1828 to London, to experience the taste of his countrymen towards the best sculpture which any Englishman has produced between the days of Flaxman and our own. What that taste was, during the first five-and-twenty years of the

* *The Life and Works of Musgrave Leathwaite Watson.* By H. Lonsdale, M.D. With Illustrations. London: Routledge & Sons. 1866.

century, no one knew better than Flaxman. Even now, after the experience of our own time, we can hardly help wondering at his small success. Flaxman had not only won himself for many years a genuine European reputation, but, what one would have thought even more advantageous, had secured the admiration of the best judges and *veri laudati* of the time. He was understood and warmly praised by Canova and Rogers, the two men whose reputation for refinement and technical knowledge might have seemed to render them the natural arbiters for their less-informed friends. Yet he lived almost neglected, whilst Chantrey, Westmacott, Bailey, and others were filling our great houses and churches with works rarely rising above commonplace mediocrity. Nothing can be at once more melancholy, more curious, and more instructive than the contrast which may be seen in some of our cathedrals (Salisbury, for example) between the delicacy and charm, the invention and grace, of Flaxman's monuments, and the qualities of those by his fashionable contemporaries. Life and death are not words too strong to express the opposition.

Watson's life is another exemplification of the same apathy; and there are even people cynical and dogmatic enough to think that matters have not mended since his time, and for precisely similar reasons. On his return home he executed some small things for friends in Carlisle, which should be looked for by visitors to that city. A tablet in bas-relief to his father in Sebergham Church appears the most remarkable of these works. In it Watson shows that he had already fixed his style in the art. Flaxman's grace and poetical manner were his leading models. He does not quite rise to the level of his great master in the singular pathos and tenderness which are the characteristic qualities of Flaxman; but, on the other hand, Watson has a sternness and a power of his own which are not less valuable elements in sculpture. An "Iris," a "Clytie," and some bas-reliefs, belong to this period of Watson's work. Should the Life reach a second edition, we hope that Dr. Lonsdale will exchange the photographic illustrations for something more permanent. In that case, a print of one of these productions might be given as a sample of the artist's early manner.

This little gleam was the only one which poor Watson was destined to enjoy. "The sun shone fair on Carlisle wall"; what appreciation of sculpture existed there was of a genuine kind. When he removed to London, he soon began to learn how good art fares in the atmosphere of unintelligent patronage. At first he wished to work independently, and seems to have fancied he had a fair field in which ability would be sure to make its way. But Watson had totally mistaken his powers. Great as a sculptor, he was entirely without faculties as a flatterer. His time was spent on his art; not in making himself a pleasant parasite at the houses of the rich, in running about to get the first scent of a job, or coaxing the ignorant dispensers of fame and commissions. Hence poverty soon drove him to the studios of those who were wiser in their generation. Foremost among these was Chantrey. "During Watson's engagement," says Dr. Lonsdale, "Chantrey had nearly all the commissions worth having, and always grasped at more." It is well known that he thus made immense sums, became celebrated for the profuse hospitality which he displayed towards the patronizing class, and gained the reputation of a jovial good fellow. But we infer that there may have been another side to this picture, which might have been revealed by the large number of subordinate artists who did Chantrey's work, who had little chance of gaining the ear of fashion, and whom the prosperous sculptor could overwork and underpay at his pleasure. How far he carried that treatment in the case of Watson may be guessed from the fact that he even provoked the remonstrance of his head carver, Allan Cunningham. Watson left the studio with plain-spoken disgust; and we are sorry to have to add that Chantrey in after years was base enough to revenge himself upon the assistant whom he had ill-treated, by attempting to ruin Watson's first chance of a public commission in London.

We next find Watson in the studio of an artist infinitely abler, and proportionately less patronized, than Chantrey—Behnes. Watson assisted Behnes in one of the finest of his works—the portrait-statue of Dr. Babington in St. Paul's; which probably owed something of its excellence, especially in the drapery, to this co-operation. To the intervals of scanty leisure allowed by these labours, barren of fame, we owe a few of those very remarkable things which give Watson his position in British art. Two of the series exhibit a quality which has almost disappeared from English sculpture. These are the little figures of two jolly monks and of a chimney-sweep; combining an admirably true and broad humour with brilliant cleverness in modelling and a due observance of sculptural style. Dr. Lonsdale gives photographs of these striking groups. Compare them with the photograph also given of Watson's most poetical bas-relief, the Homeric subject of Sarpedon's burial, or with his charming statuette of Chaucer, so full of life and character, and the singular range of Watson's power, with his claim to the high place assigned to him in his art, will be felt at once. The "Sarpedon" must, on the whole, be placed next to Flaxman's exquisite "Mercury and Pandora." What a difference between refined art like this and what passes for a bas-relief in the pseudo-sculpture of our time! The burial-group on the base of the statue of Franklin, which bears Mr. Noble's name, may be taken as the latest specimen. Flimsy and feeble, it has exactly the look of one of the fancy scenes from the *Illustrated London News*, hastily modelled up,

and we cannot be surprised at the small respect which it commands from the London butcher-boy.

This was a period when public competition for monuments was in vogue; a system which worked so notoriously ill, that it has been now almost abandoned for the plan of limited competition or simple selection by a committee. Why these later schemes work no better than the open system this journal has frequently pointed out. They are all vitiated by the fact that the selecting body is hardly ever chosen for its fitness to select. They are people interested in the man to be commemorated, not in the art which is to commemorate him; they are easily flattered and cajoled by the bad sculptor, whilst real power in the art is the one thing almost always hidden from their eyes. Watson drank to the dregs of this bitter cup. What he was capable of we know from the noble group of Lords Eldon and Stowell, probably the finest thing of the kind which sculpture has yet produced. What some of his competitors were we know from the Nelson Column, the pediment of the Royal Exchange, and the figure of Sir Fowell Buxton in the Abbey—of all the bad statues within that building, possibly the worst. What the influences were which determined each of these competitions to their deplorable results are partially unveiled in Dr. Lonsdale's "Life," and may be easily learned by any who are curious in past pieces of jobbing and mismanagement.

A singular ill-fortune, indeed, appears to have waited on all that Watson did. A group which he modelled for some public-rooms at Bristol was accepted by the managers, who handed over the execution to a local favourite whose own design had been set aside. The local favourite forthwith put his own name on the work, and it was with difficulty that a confession of the true authorship was wrung from him by Dr. Lonsdale. Again, one of the few things which Watson did in London, a fine relief to the memory of Dr. Cameron, perished two years ago in the fire which burnt out the Savoy Chapel. Even his crowning achievement—the group representing the two brothers, Eldon and Stowell, sitting side by side in judicial majesty—has been so cruelly treated in the Library built by Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., at University College, that it can hardly be seen. It is placed between two tall windows filled with coloured glass, the light of which is still further impeded by transverse galleries. This mismanagement is the more unpardonable because the Library was commissioned for the express purpose of displaying the group, and was paid for in great part by the Eldon family. But we have not space for half the examples which Watson's life affords of the fate of a great artist in a country which cannot understand him, and we must content ourselves with heartily commending Dr. Lonsdale's book to those of our readers who care to see the tragic spectacle of genius contending with adverse fortune—with wealthy ignorance, pompous conceit, subtle selfishness, and trumpet-blowing imbecility. Watson bore it all like a man, bravely and calmly; there was a rugged nobleness and generosity about him; one reads his work in his character, as his character reflects itself in his work. Is it not always so? And can it possibly be otherwise? Though triply varnished by society and wealth and Academic title, the mean man betrays himself in the very job in which he triumphs; the ignoramus commemorates his incapacity in the monumental bronze; the charlatan peeps through the folds of his own marble. Yet each of these no doubt uses his best efforts to hide himself away beneath what he produces. Much more does the lofty spirit or the tender nature breathe through the labour of the hands. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

It is, after all, a sad story, this of Watson's life; and we fear that the lesson which the sound artists of the day must draw from it cannot be one of encouragement. The man of great natural gifts, profound and conscientious study, devotion to his art, and power to make it a source of pleasure at home and of glory abroad, comes among us, gives adequate specimens of his ability, and is then left to die in neglected poverty; whilst wealth and public commissions of all sorts are heaped upon foreign pretenders and British-bred blunderers. Let it be true that Watson's merits will be known when the popularities of our day are remembered only as the authors of public disfigurement; yet this is but a poor reward for the irremediable loss of what we might have enjoyed—but a feeble recompense, as it were, to the spirit of departed genius. "Mr. Rogers," we read, "invariably spoke of the Eldon group as the finest statues in England. With the zeal of an enthusiast, he had traced the development of the design in Watson's hands. When the group was done in the marble, and his friend the sculptor was no more, he stood in front of the work and said—'Ah, sir, I have been preaching to the people for years that they had a great man amongst them. They will find it out now that he is gone. Poor Watson!' " Poor Watson, indeed! But the patrons who threw away their opportunity, and the country which lost the treasures it might have had, are perhaps the more truly pitiable.

DACIA SINGLETON.*

WE are pleased to be able to congratulate the author of this book on a decided step in advance. From "very bad indeed" he has risen to "indifferent." We have a vague recollection that he informed us, in *What Money Can't Do*, that he was then seventy-three years of age. If he continues to

* Dacia Singleton. By the Author of "Altogether Wrong," "What Money Can't Do," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1867.

improve as he has done during the past year, he may almost hope to produce in time (at about eighty-five, say) a really decent novel. The outrageous eccentricities of manners and morals which illustrated what money couldn't do are toned down considerably in *Dacia Singleton*, and there are in the latter book one or two sketches of character which possess real merit. We may suggest, as one step to further improvement, that the author should take a little longer over his work. We can well understand that, at his mature age, time is an object; but allowing full weight to this consideration, we still question whether a delay of a few weeks, judiciously occupied in alterations and corrections, and more particularly in what is familiarly known as "striking out," would not have been a very remunerative investment. If an author will insist on producing two three-volume novels within the year, it is not to be expected, in the ordinary course of things, that they should be good ones. Superabundant quantity is almost inevitably balanced by inferior quality, and though for a short time the manufacture of literary "pot-boilers" may prove remunerative, a writer who adopts this low view of his vocation will sooner or later suffer, both in fame and in pocket. The consequences of undue haste, and the want of careful revision, are especially apparent in *Dacia Singleton*, and are the main cause of a general air of feebleness and slovenly execution, which a free use of the pruning-knife might have in a great measure removed.

The plot of the story is founded on the good old struggle between love and duty, which has, in one shape or other, served the turn of so many generations of novelists. *Dacia Singleton*, residing with her mother at Dunkerque, falls in love with Hugh Mostyn, Her Majesty's Consul at that place. Mostyn is a haughty and reserved person, with something on his mind, which something proves to be a runaway wife, of whose existence he delicately informs Miss Singleton immediately after he has just told her that he loves her to distraction, and has obtained a corresponding avowal in return. Here, of course, the struggle between love and duty begins, but just at this point a novel element is introduced. *Dacia*, still suffering from the first shock of the discovery, strays by chance into a Roman Catholic church. The gorgeous ritual and the noble music make a deep impression on her wounded spirit, and she is little disposed to question the consoling assurance of the priest, that a special Providence has guided her in her misery to the only true source of comfort. This portion of the story is cleverly conceived, and the gradual warping of *Dacia's* mind to a new faith is traced with considerable skill. We give the author credit, in this particular instance, for a good deal of knowledge of human nature. Disappointments, in one shape or another, do more to fill convents, and recruit the Church of Rome, than a host of proselytizers. A heavy disappointment leaves a weak mind in a condition in which its most earnest longing is for some material anchor, some new hope to cling to amid the wreck of former aspirations. To a mind in such a condition the material splendour, the external symbolism, the sentimental adoration of the Church of Rome, are beacon lights promising a haven of rest, and even the mortifications and penance which that Church enjoins may for a time operate as counter-irritants to soothe the pain of the wounded spirit. Sooner or later, no doubt, the reaction must come; but the convert has by that time generally gone too far to recede, and is compelled to make the best of his bargain. We are surprised, however, that an author who has shown such a praiseworthy acquaintance with the unpleasant side of the practice of confession should be so grossly ignorant of one of the strictest rules of this so-called sacrament as to represent a priest revealing publicly the last confession of an unfortunate girl who has committed suicide, for the purpose of exposing her seducer. We should much like to know the author's authority for the statement that confessions are "no longer sacred, when those confessions help to clear the innocent, and condemn the guilty; when those confessions are made by a heart-broken, wretched sinner, driven to the verge of insanity by one who dares to call himself a minister of God; and that [sic] the making public such confessions will prove to the world who and what the man is that assumes to himself the right of leading and guiding his fellow-creatures." This is a very pleasant and comfortable way of getting out of the difficulty which the paramount obligation of the confessor to secrecy has often occasioned. We are only surprised that so easy a solution has never been thought of before. It would have spared courts of justice some trouble, and saved the labour of the learned authors of more than one elaborate treatise on this special question. The theory is open to one small objection—namely, that if the priest were permitted to decide what was a fit case wherein to remove the seal, the secrets of the confessional would very speedily be secrets no longer, and we are inclined to fear that a considerable amount of mental reservation on the part of the candidates for absolution would be the result. This, however, is a matter of minor importance. The author should forward the suggestion to the proper quarter, and we doubt not that it will receive (possibly in the next Encyclical) due recognition.

We have no intention of following *Dacia Singleton* in her progress into, and out of, the Roman Catholic religion. We may mention, to quiet the apprehensions of weak brethren, that when we last hear of her she is a thoroughly orthodox Protestant, perhaps rather Low Church than otherwise. The author evidently wishes to be impartial in religious matters. Father Leigh is not an especially attractive character, but he is a prince beside

the Reverend John Way, the Protestant chaplain at Dunkerque. Mr. Way is coarse, profligate, and brutal, without a single good point to redeem his little eccentricities. The author seems to have feared that a Roman Catholic reader might be tempted to feel some pride in the contrast between the priests of the two creeds; so, to check any such tendency to vain-glory, he has hit on the happy expedient of causing Mr. Way to "go over" to Rome. This is certainly, so far as Romanism is concerned, the unkindest cut of all. The votaries of that faith will probably not wince much under the author's polemics; but there is a refined cruelty in representing the especial black sheep of the book, turned out for his misdeeds from the Protestant fold, as welcomed so eagerly by the rival shepherds.

The personages, generally speaking, are over-coloured to the verge of burlesque. The exceptions (though even these are a shade over-drawn) are Mrs. Singleton, *Dacia's* mother, and Mrs. Ewart, her aunt. The thoroughgoing selfishness of the former, her fancied ailments, her constant whining, and her talent for distorting even expressions of sympathy into causes of offence, form a very life-like whole, and the attributes once given to her are very well kept up. From first to last she never varies; even her favourite pose, "with smelling-salts in one hand, and the other gathering a Brussels lace shawl around her, and holding it clasped over her chest," is thoroughly in keeping. We could forgive the author many shortcomings for the sake of this one character, not merely as a work of art, but because we are quite sure that he must have suffered much at the hands of such a character in real life to be able to produce so spirited a sketch. Mrs. Ewart is equally good in her way, which fortunately is a very different way. Shrewd, sound common sense, and a talent for coming straight to the point and saying what she means on all occasions, are her special qualities. Mrs. Ewart is about the only person in the book who is not more or less a fool (we except the clerical personages of both creeds, who are decidedly more knaves than fools), and we are by no means surprised that the author so frequently uses her as a kind of *Dea ex machina* to extricate the other characters from the scrapes into which their stupidity is continually leading them. In contrast to Mrs. Singleton and Mrs. Ewart—who really are, or might be, human beings—is Mrs. Thomas, one of the most remarkable characters ever evolved by an author out of the treasures of his internal consciousness. Mrs. Thomas is a very bad imitation, or rather exaggeration, of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop. There was some humour in the conversational entanglements of Mrs. Malaprop, but Artemus Ward himself would be puzzled to find any fun in such balderdash as the following. Mrs. Thomas is paying a complimentary call to the new Consul:—

"I could not allow my husband to be the only member of my family to call and pay you the respect due to one filling the position you do amongst the English reservoirs in Dunkerque. So I have come, Mr. Mostyn, with my daughter—Miss Thomas, my eldest daughter—to tell you how dissembling we are that fortune has sent us one so flutent and gifted as I understand you to be; and to say how highly honoured we shall be if you will condescend to look upon our house as yours while you are included from your own. . . . Mr. Thomas, I believe, has paid his prospects to you. Mr. Thomas, a buff-looking man, is my husband. Perhaps he did not mention his being a familiar man. The fact is, he is by no means a hospital person, and so I dissolutely determined to come with my daughter, and distress upon you how elevated we shall be if you will take us as you find us, and consoanently drop in whenever you are not otherwise engaged."

The author evidently considers that he has quite accounted for Mrs. Thomas's educational deficiencies when he mentions the fact that she is the daughter of a brewer. The same aristocratic spirit which, in *What Money Can't Do*, looked down from such a dizzy height on solicitors and stockbrokers, still breathes in *Dacia Singleton*, to rebuke the vulgar arrogance of beer. "We could, an if we would," suggest that there are many persons, even below brewers' daughters in the social scale, who would never dream of mistaking for correct English such a sentence as the following, not, be it remarked, put into the mouth of an imaginary Mrs. Thomas, but representing the personal sentiments of the author:—

Sin is born in us, grows with us, and remains with us; but is that a reason why crimes such as many women may live and die ignorant even of their very existence, should be asked if they have ever committed them? There is nothing worse in the wildest ravings of Mrs. Thomas than this sentence, which we have selected haphazard, and which has its counterpart in almost every other page of this book. We should recommend the author for the future to abstain from caricaturing verbal eccentricities until at least he has mastered the elementary rules of the language in which he writes.

The male characters are chiefly remarkable for their utter want of manliness, and of anything like moral backbone. Father Leigh and John Way do not pretend to any virtue or honesty, and we are therefore not surprised at anything they may do. But the other characters, who are supposed to be men of sense and honour, act with almost equal disregard of what we have been accustomed to consider honourable principles. Hugh Mostyn wins a girl's love, and tells her, after he has made her avow it, that he is already married. Henry Marsden permits a woman whom he knows to be an adulteress to mix with his female friends, and makes no attempt to open their eyes to her real character. James Moncrieffe permits a foolish wife to compromise his honour and her own without an effort to exert his authority; and Robert Reeves is cajoled by a married woman into abetting a scandalous deceit upon her husband, and then betrays her by an anonymous letter. We sincerely hope, for the author's sake, that these contemptible creatures are not drawn from actual life. If they be, we by no means envy him his acquaintances.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. IV.

WE have already hinted that, if there is any marked characteristic of this year's literary gift-books, it is the substitution of photography for xylography. In *English Children as painted by Reynolds*, we have a volume published by Seeley, of which the letter-press is produced by Mr. Stephens, the annotator of the Mulready volume which we mentioned last week, and who in a former year had supplied the literature of similar collections of photographs of the great Flemish buildings. This publication selects a single aspect of Reynolds, perhaps his pleasantest and most original, as it certainly was his favourite one. Reynolds, though a bachelor, perhaps to some degree because he was a bachelor, luxuriated as an artist in the round easy lines of infancy, while his genial appreciation of fun and frolic, and his mastery of the child's mind, displayed an admirable temper. If it be objected that he exaggerated both the forms of infancy, as in his ideal works, the "Infant Hercules" and the "Moses in the Bullrushes," and occasionally the intelligence of childhood, as in the meditative figures of the "Boy with Cabbage Nets" and the "Strawberry Girl," we must remember that here, if anywhere, he really succeeded in attaining something of that "great manner" of Michel Angelo which he was always talking about, but seldom reached. The present collection is, of course, a mere selection; but it is an agreeable souvenir, if nothing else, of our greatest portrait-painter. Mr. Stephens writes with good critical skill, and he is brief, contrasting in this respect agreeably with a recent Life of Reynolds, which is a perfect model of verbosity.

Accepting, as we are obliged to do, the rather vague conditions under which Christmas books are issued, we must, because we receive it at this season, enter Mr. King's *Handbook of Engraved Gems* (Bell and Daldy) in this comprehensive class. As far as we understand the principle of the booksellers, it is to issue their favourite and fashionable old books, their new ventures, and, in fact, anything in a fine cover, as Christmas books. Ranging in price from five guineas down to sixpence, and in subject from the most difficult and highest branches of art and literature to the blindest nonsense, any mode of division, logical or material, objective or subjective, as they say, fails; and perhaps our usual running title for this omnigenous flow of print and picture is very imperfectly applicable. If, as we used to think, the *raison d'être* of a Christmas book should be its prettiness and flimsiness and unsubstantiality, then Mr. King's learned volume is singularly out of place in this catalogue. Well-known as the most diligent student in a branch of archaeology long neglected, Mr. King in previous works has displayed a rare learning, and to a research which recalls the Montfaucons famous of old he has added a taste and artistic perceptions which are his own. The treatise comprises materials some of which have been already printed by their author in various forms, and it must be studied in connection with his previous essays. The illustrations are not all equally good, and they are not drawn to a uniform scale. The will-o'-the-wisp with students of Mr. King's school is philology and cosmogony. To those who remember some of this writer's old speculations, it will cause less surprise than it would to the world at large that he seems to accept the view that Adam and Eve are only the impersonations of mud and water (*Eva=Eun*), the first principles of creation.

The *Prince of the Fair Family* (Chapman and Hall) is a regular fairy tale by Mrs. S. C. Hall. It is illustrated by original sketches by Mrs. Hall's friends, and among them Mr. and Mrs. Ward, and comprises some old landscape sketches from the *Art-Journal*, which Mrs. Hall edits. Here is a good deal of manufacture and skilful adaptation of ready-wrought materials. But the general result is satisfactory. The story, if rather tedious, is graceful enough; and, were it not for Mr. Kenny Meadows' somewhat mannered style, the little sketches, though very sketchy indeed, are in harmony with the literature.

Illuminated Texts (Nelson) is a set of Bible excerpts printed in chromo-lithography, and intended for schoolrooms.

The *Autographic Album* (Hurdwicke)—which appears to be booksellers' English for the Album of Autographs—is really a curious book. There are few things more amusing than lounging over these reminiscences of distinguished people. To spend an hour idling over these little scraps, and speculating on the *unde et quo* which prompted them; to amuse oneself in the vain and illusory attempt to connect character with calligraphy or kakistography; and at the same time to feel that in an autograph you have an indisputable relic, trifling enough, yet real, if but a scrap—all this yields a harmless gratification. Never was such an *omnium gatherum* as the present collection; the reckless disregard of chronology, character, and degrees of fame with which Mr. Phillips has disarranged his specimens almost reaches to an art. On the same page we have the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland and Mr. Dion Bouicault; Sir Benjamin Brodie pairs with Cromwell Earl of Essex; and we conjecture a sly touch of satire in bringing on to the same page the signs-manual of poor "Bloody Mary" and decorous Queen Anne.

The *Princess Ise; a Fairy Tale* (Saunders and Otley). This is taken from the German, and seems to run into allegory; at least one chapter impersonates the "Progress of Civilization," which, with their easy faith, children will perhaps associate with demons and genii.

The *Maiden of the Iceberg* (Saunders and Otley) is also a fairy tale done in verse, by Mrs. or Miss Gage. The metre is that of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and the illustrations, etchings, &c., are above the ordinary mark.

Bright Thoughts for the Little Ones (Cassell and Co.) We note a derangement of epitaphs, for we hardly see the brightness of the thoughts, which are no thoughts at all, and are very dull. We should fancy that, for little children, good staring, glaring painted cuts were more to the purpose than would-be fine wood engravings. And we see no reason why, even in baby talk, *dolls* and *balls* should be made to rhyme.

Messrs. Warne have sent us a complete edition of Longfellow's Poems. The value of this volume is its completeness, for it contains some pieces hitherto not published in England, and notably—as the last newspaper phrase is—a specimen of Dante translation by the favourite American poet. This is not the place to talk of Longfellow's position in the hierarchy of poets, but he has legitimately won such a distinction as this reprint confers. Very far from ranking among the highest, he occupies a forward standing among the pleasantest verse-writers; and though we remember that former Christmases have given us more elaborate Longfellows, yet we must pronounce this to be the standard English edition. The illustrations are few, and might well have been fewer.

Among the queer traditions belonging to the British Christmas is the domestic view of the season, that then and there, suddenly and by an *astrum* as violent as evanescent, every member of a family is bitten with a violent and irrepressible attack of benevolence, geniality, and philo-nephew-and-niece-ity; and, further, it seems to be a convenient and profitable theory of the publishers, that this beautiful access of all the home virtues ought always to take the form of giving books away. As to our own reminiscences, we have lived perhaps in the ante-Christmas-book era, for we never found our godfathers and godmothers much more benevolent as the Christmas bills came tumbling in. As things are, we should like a change; and though now and then we get an Illustrated Poet, for which of course we are grateful, we should not much mind if the annual impulses of kindness and friendship took a less sentimental and more substantial shape. Christmas boxes are at least as much to the purpose as Christmas books. The days in which friends and relatives got a turkey or a barrel of oysters are poorly replaced by Summer Days with the Poets. What if the happy days should ever come when your Christmas Eve is lighted with a new pair of silver candlesticks, or your Christmas Day is celebrated by a practical hamper of wine? Let the other trades look to it. The booksellers' monopoly of the season may well sustain some competition. But our point was the family benevolence which the season develops. Accepting it as a fact, we can understand such series as *Aunt Louisa's London Toy Books* (Warne), of which we have seven *feuilletons*—*John Gipsy*, *Nursery Rhymes*, and so on—all done in good strong positive colours. This is the right type. One or two of these affairs represent a class which we view with the greatest aversion—the Bible narratives brought down, as it is thought, to infant comprehension. The *Story of King David* is an example; the "moral" of the history of Bathsheba being, "Do you not think that David must have been very much ashamed?"

Aunt Friendly is, we suppose, one of *Aunt Louisa's* sisters. Happy are the children who have so many maiden aunts, and all of them on easy terms with Mr. Warne the publisher. *Aunt Friendly* produces twelve little books, cheaper and smaller than *Aunt Louisa's*, but much the same in get-up. And a very good get-up too.

And here is another aunt, *Aunt Judy*—which, being interpreted, means Mrs. Alfred Gatty. *Aunt Judy's* Christmas volume is matched by *Aunt Judy's* May-Day volume; that is to say, Messrs. Bell and Daldy reissue, in a half-yearly and collected form, a little magazine for small folk. Infinite are the resources, and elaborate is the economy, of the mystery of stocking the book-market. Mrs. Gatty we have long placed in the foremost rank of caterers for the rising generation.

Nimmo's Juvenile Tales (Edinburgh: Nimmo) are even better, because they reproduce the old historical cycles of fiction. *Jack the Giant Killer*, and the *White Cat*, and the *Seven Champions* have done their work as "chap-books" for many a generation, and evil will be the days when the British nursery knows its classics no longer.

Warne's Christmas Annual, edited by Mr. Hood, and *Routledge's Christmas Annual*, and *Cassell's Christmas Annual*, all seem to follow the same type. That it is a type shows that it is a popular one, or else there is a good deal of reading and writing and wood-cutting thrown away. Not only is there no harm in all this flood of little literature, but a good deal of ingenuity and painstaking is employed. The aim is slight, but it is generally attained.

The *Book of Birthdays* (Darton). Here we have a classification absolutely novel. The notion may be prolific in enterprising hands. Why not make a collection of what has been said by everybody (that is, if by anybody) on other "special occasions of life"—the anniversaries of taking pills or corn-cutting, for example? These pearls—of course all little verses are pearls—are tied together by a slight string of prose; and for serious readers the volume will have an interest.

It took us some little time to catch the notion of the *New Table-Book* (Bradbury and Evans) by Frederick Eltze and Mark

Lemon. We are not sure that we have got it, so elaborate and refined is it. The groundwork seems to be a set of sketches of the usual fashionable scratchy, patchy, scummy sort. To these Mr. Eltze has tagged some verses; and Mr. Lemon's share is editing, whatever that solemn process may in this case be. The verses are for children, childish. But the volume has its "speciality"—a blank page inviting small critics to write down their "favourite author, opera, motto, exercise, and ambition." The "author" of gooseberry-pie we should suggest, or the "exercise" of discriminating the various characteristics of lollipops. If the brats go beyond this, such a "page for our favourites" is an invitation to decided priggery.

Douglas Jerrold's *Story of a Feather* has attained the dignity of an illustrated edition, the illustrator being Mr. Du Maurier, the publishers Messrs. Bradbury.

Echoes of our Childhood (Masters). Here are some really artistic designs by a distinguished amateur, long known under the initials of "E. V. B." This very modest and unpretending volume much surpasses in sinew, both in its literary and pictorial aspects, many, or rather most, of its more pretentious rivals.

We must, as usual, acknowledge *De la Rue's Diaries* in every shape and variety of form and arrangement which can suit possible, and almost impossible, buyers. To say that they maintain their solid reputation is only to give them their due. And this very trite and business-like commendation attends *Lette's* rival, or parallel collection, and especially that valuable and modest, and therefore more valuable, almanac, *Gutch's Literary and Scientific Register* (Stevens). Nor must we forget to note that *Punch*, as usual, combines utility with fun in the familiar and ever welcome *Comic Almanac*.

And now what remains? There remains a shoal, a flight, a cloud (all the nouns of multitude fail us in describing them) of pretty-looking books—pretty outside, pretty we dare say inside—of which we can only give the names. Many of them are reproductions, reprints, reissues, *refaccimentos*; indeed they exhaust every compound of *re*. They are an awful spectacle, as an old lady once said when she saw a "children's dinner" graced by seven young ladies, and all on their promotion. So is it with this ever rising mountain of small talk and small writing and small pictures. Where is it all to end? Is it ever to end? A sacred writer before there was a printing press, and therefore before there were Christmas books, doubted whether the world could contain even the MSS. on one subject. What we have to fear, now that the millennium is by the grace of Dr. Cumming postponed, is the contingency, which seems very like a certainty, that all our Quarterlies and Monthlies and Weeklies, all our funny serials and our grave serials, all our Christmas books and Christmas Numbers, all our Double Numbers and Annuals and Biennials, all our very little stories, which only reproduce in the ten-thousandth repetition old tales, old jokes, borrowed plots, washed-out sentiments, all our literature of the scissors and the pastepot, all our editing and selecting and illustrating, are to go on for ever. We suppose that the thing will never cease. We do not so much complain of it as note the fact. And there must be some result of it; and the inevitable result seems to be the growth of a wordy, empty, Birmingham sort of literature, without the slightest trace of originality or merit or purpose in it. We seem to be getting fast into the Lower Empire of writing. Unless there were buyers there would not be manufacturers; and all this can scarcely be without a sensible, perhaps deplorable, lowering of the standard of taste. With this protest against the accumulation of books, and without pronouncing whether what we have said specially applies to any one, as it certainly does not to all of them, we have to mention, among the best of the lesser "Christmas books":—1. *Wild Roses* (Griffith and Farran), a pleasant collection by Mrs. Broderip. 2. *Old Merry's Annual* (Jackson and Walford). 3. *Andersen's Household Stories* (Routledge). 4. *Penny Readings* (Warne). 5. *Every Day Cookery* (Warne). 6. *St. Patrick's Eve*, by Charles Lever (Chapman and Hall), very noticeable as containing cuts by "Phiz." 7. *Sparks from the Anvil*, by Elihu Burritt (Partridge). 8. *The Early Start in Life* (Griffith and Farran). And to these we might have added nearly two score more of little stories, all neatly done up in various coloured cloth and gold, which are only stories, and, as they do not affect even a single woodcut, relieve us from the obligation of looking through them.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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December 1866.

H. BENICE JONES, Hon. Sec.

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Paper on the GENERAL CHARACTER OF GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS. By E. HOPKINS, Esq., C.E., F.G.S.

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